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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
REVIEWS:	
Charles Pritchard	137
Les Pensées de Pascal	139
A Wise and Good Book	140
Newly Discovered Early Christian Literature in Translations	141
Plauti Bacchides	142
The Art of Mr. Beardsley	142
Miss Soldene's Reminiscences	143
The "Builder" Album of Royal Academy Archi- tecture, 1896	143
POETRY:	
Mr. Alfred Austin's New Poems—Under Quicken Boughs	144
FICTION:	
Animal Episodes and Studies in Sensation—The Babe B.A.—Marm Lisa—Le Selve—Mr. Spinks and his Hounds—Lorraine's Bushranger—Good Luck—A Woman's Cross—Philippa—Catalina, Art Student—&c.	145
FROM CROWDED SHELVES	147
THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN SCHOOLS "BALLOW" TO "BLANK"	150
ACADEMY PORTRAITS: XII. Robert Southey	152
THE PUBLIC SCHOOL PRODUCT: A REJOINDER RE- VIEWED	153
NOTES AND NEWS	153
THE BOOK MARKET	155
AN IMPRESSION	157
PARIS LETTER	157
NEW YORK LETTER	158
SCIENCE	158
MUSIC	160
CORRESPONDENCE	161
BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED	161

REVIEWS.

CHARLES PRITCHARD.

*Charles Pritchard; Memoirs of his Life
Compiled by his Daughter, Ada Pritchard.
(Seeley & Co.)*

THOUGH the most active and influential portion of Charles Pritchard's life came to an end more than a quarter of a century ago, his biography will be of interest to many who are still young, so closely did he keep himself in touch with science almost to the end of his career.

When, in 1892, he received (as professor at Oxford and director of its observatory) the Royal Society's gold medal, at the subsequent dinner Prof. Huxley made one of his many happy and humorous speeches:

"He was," said he, "told that there was no observatory in the three kingdoms in which so much admirable work of observation was being done. Only a short time ago the Royal Astronomical Society awarded its gold medal to the Director of the Oxford Observatory. He was further told that the director was tackling what he understood was one of the most difficult pieces of astronomical work—parallax determination; and that he had already printed off more stars than anybody else. Besides this, he was hard at work on the great International Chart of the Heavens. It was obvious that this gentleman must be in the full vigour of youthful energy, and therefore he treated with contempt a rumour that had reached him, that the director was in his eighty-fourth year. (Laughter and cheers.) They would join with him in wishing Prof. Pritchard a long continuance of the health and strength which were turned to such splendid account."

The just-published "Life" is a somewhat too disjointed work. Its first chapter is by his niece, Mrs. Ogier Ward; its second is an autobiographical sketch; its third chapter is made up of some pupils' reminis-

cences; its fourth (life at Freshwater) is by his daughter, Miss Rosalind Pritchard, and the next three chapters are the work of another daughter, Miss Ada Pritchard. To them succeed some forty pages on his theological work by the Bishop of Worcester, while the book is completed with five chapters (or 100 pages) by Prof. H. H. Turner, F.R.A.S., on his astronomical work.

A tolerably complete account of Pritchard's career can be gathered from these sources, but it may perhaps be regretted that such near relatives have not given a more complete and continuous account of his domestic life.

Born at Brixton on February 28, 1808 (the youngest of four sons and two daughters), he was of Welsh origin on his mother's side (who was a Lloyd), though paternally he was a Salopian. He lost his mother when a lad of twelve, and suffered under the rule of an irritable father soured by pecuniary misfortunes which preceded his departure from Shrewsbury.

A studious and industrious boy, making the utmost of such opportunities as came in his way, his father's want of means compelled him to leave school at sixteen, and thus by a brother's counsel he was left to his own devices to prepare for a University life. When seventeen, a publisher (Piper, of Ipswich) brought out his first work, *An Introduction to Arithmetic*. Of this work, fifty years later, its author says (p. 34):

"Looking at the little book in the light of the present hour, I feel no shame at the contemplation; even now it is far ahead of most of the arithmetics of the present day, inasmuch as every page of it teems with the attempt to encourage thought. The elementary principles of numbers are explained, and are demonstrated on the simplest principles, and no arithmetical process is presented to the tyro without the detail of the reason thereof. But, alas! these are just the very points that are useless in the modern form of suicidal competition; the reasons of things do not in general pay in the 'competitives.' I remember well how, a few years ago, when I was examining the candidates for certain valuable appointments, I put the rudimentary question as to what numbers are divisible by eight? The fact may seem astounding, but it is true, that out of sixty candidates I did not get the question answered. It was too simple, too practical, too much entering into the reasons and roots of things to have been ever pointed out by the 'teachers' or to have been elicited by the curiosity of the students."

It is interesting to read this protest, made by one so eminently capable and successful in the great art of education, against the modern system of "coaching" and "cramming" for success with examiners who, unhappily, have never been made to go through an examination in examining: a system which too often becomes rather a premium on mediocrity than on depth and thoroughness in knowledge.

By the help of relatives and friends, who lent him money to be repaid—as it soon was, when funds came in—he went to Cambridge as a sizar, selecting St. John's as his College, and going up after Easter, 1826. Having entered so late, he was not expected to be examined in every part of the first year's subjects; yet, as the result of his first college examination, he had the delight

of seeing posted up in the College hall: "Pritchard highly distinguished himself in all those parts of the examination which he attended."

His future became at once certain. He had made it clear to the authorities that he might do his college credit, and at each biennial examination he retained the second place. Prizes of books and an accumulation of exhibitions set him at ease about expenses; and when, in 1830, the final trial came, he was Fourth Wrangler. A Fellowship was thus assured, and was attained in 1832, after which he was invited to share in the public tuition of his college. He, however, declined to pursue so inviting a career, and left Cambridge to become a schoolmaster, first at Stockwell and subsequently at Clapham Grammar School, which latter was established in August, 1834. Both of these institutions belonged to a group of new suburban schools which were then being started in connexion with King's College, London.

It was some six or seven years later that, as a small boy, I first made acquaintance with Charles Pritchard—an acquaintance of much importance to me, as was also the case with many of my contemporaries. His first appearance was by no means attractive (as the frontispiece of the volume now noticed may suffice to make easily credible), nor had he an agreeable voice. He was very irritable, and when enraged became terrible to lads of a nervous temperament like his own.

Yet he was really kind and gentle, and I think the boys all felt that in what he did he was governed by a hearty desire for their real good and to do his own duty.

His assertion that in his teaching his object was to make lads think, is one which my recollection strongly confirms. The answer to his question, "What is Euclid?"—an answer, of course, he never had given him—was: "A thing not to be learned by heart." He was never satisfied if lads did not appear to see clearly in their own minds the force of a demonstration. He was exceedingly fond of geometry, and I recollect that on some school feast, ending with a display of fireworks, the climax was not a bouquet of rockets, but a pyrotechnic representation of the figure of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid's First Book. He could make even arithmetic really attractive, and I shall never forget the interest excited by his exposition of the results of taking 2 or 12 as the radix, instead of 10. It might be expected that a distinguished Fourth Wrangler's teaching of mathematics would be good. But it was much more than that, and excited, in some minds, quite a love for that science.

His teaching of classics was also most painstaking, and accompanied by explanations and illustrations helping to bring home to young minds graphic images of scenes and actions referred to, which lent a charm to the Odyssey and to Homer's Fourth Georgic which time does not obliterate.

The great interest and novelty about Charles Pritchard's system consisted in his having been a precursor, and a very efficient precursor, of those who of late years have

advocated teaching physical science to boys. I am not sure that such a practice is generally desirable. It seems to me that a *real* study of classics and mathematics exclusively, is better calculated than a greater variety of subjects to make the mind a first-rate instrument for dealing with whatever it may have to turn to in later life. Still, I must confess my Clapham Grammar School teaching has been of the greatest service to me, and for that, as well as for other things, I shall, while life lasts, look back with affectionate gratitude to the influence of Charles Pritchard. He taught us something of chemistry, mechanics, electricity, and optics, and erected a well-furnished laboratory and afterwards an observatory, and though it may be true that we may have had imparted to us the fruits of knowledge without all the drudgery which some think to be a necessary preliminary for their acquisition, yet hardly otherwise, in those days, would it have been possible to communicate to youths a love for physical science and desire to really understand it.

But Pritchard's greatest innovation was the teaching of botany, not by books and diagrams alone, but by the careful examination of freshly-culled specimens.

One of the delights of those school-days was our rambles about the "Battersea Fields" (now for the most part an unsavoury wilderness of brick and mortar) to search for wild flowers, with the prospects of a general half-holiday as soon as six boys could bring home specimens belonging to twelve natural orders and point out their distinctive characters.

One very important matter with respect to the teaching of these natural sciences was that he always taught them himself. They were thus well taught, for he loved them, and they also gained a greater esteem in the eyes of the boys because taught by "Old Pritchard" himself.

And it was not only our brains he cared for. Very soon a gymnasium with skilled teachers and a swimming bath were added to the school, cricket and hockey were strongly favoured by him, and football, which then, however, had not its modern popularity so far as remembrance serves.

Whoever reads through the life just published will see how earnest and religious a man Charles Pritchard always was. It will then naturally be supposed he was careful as to the moral and religious training of the lads, and such was most certainly the case. He was a clergyman of rather Low Church views and with nothing ascetic about him; but he was extremely earnest, and some years later built a chapel for the school which seems in every way to have answered the expectations of its founder and zealous builder, and to have served as a model to the neighbourhood. But of course, masters, after all, can have but an imperfect knowledge of the real results of their best-intended efforts. Before the chapel existed, the school attended a very unadorned church, where the senior lads duly took the Sacrament at stated periods. The evening before they had to walk from school to Mr. Pritchard's somewhat distant house, there to be very earnestly addressed and to join in prayer, preparatory to next day's Communion. The

good master little suspected the flirtations whereof those nocturnal devotions were sometimes the occasion. Nevertheless, as a rule, a sense of honour and being trusted was a generally sufficient guarantee for good conduct out of bounds.

Of nothing was our master so intolerant as of any breach of morality, concerning which his notions were rigid. The most severe flogging the school ever witnessed in my time was when a lad had been convicted of some rather profane swearing. Another case was when a boy, who had an exceptional facility for extracting cube roots, was found to have taken money in payment for extracting those which a lad had been set to do as a punishment. Charles Pritchard, to the end of his life, was an advocate for corporal chastisement. He was irritable (as before said), and sometimes his anger was excessive. But the lads respected him, and many were sincerely attached to him, as was shown on July 5, 1886, when, in response to our invitation, he dined with us at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street. He was the guest of nearly a hundred "Old Boys," while 113 more expressed their warm sympathy with an act in which circumstances did not allow them to take part.

At that dinner Dean Bradley presided. The old "Roll Call" was re-enacted, and each "Old Boy," as his name was pronounced, cried "Here, Sir," and raised his right hand. Then the set of grizzly-bearded, grey, or bald-headed "boys" separated, never in this life to meet again.

Mr. Pritchard married early a beautiful young lady, Miss Emily Newton, mother of the boy we knew as "Charley Pritchard"; now Sir Charles Pritchard, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. She hardly attained middle-age, and was deeply mourned by her husband, who remained a widower for several years. In 1859 he married again, and in 1862 resigned his school to other hands, and went to live at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, till 1870.

There he took the keenest delight in his garden, and zealously studied astronomy, having become Secretary to the Astronomical Society the year before he left Clapham.

On one of his visits to London (in 1868) he was a guest, with Tennyson, of Mr. James Knowles, and then the thought occurred of forming a society for formal discussion, which led to the foundation of the Metaphysical Society. Relieved from scholastic cares, the essential kindness of his nature was clearly apparent. His daughter, Rosalind, tells us:

"We children always looked forward to the return from London. We were never forgotten. The remembrance sometimes took the form of some new mechanical toy, or small trinket, but sweetmeats were more usual. Astonished, indeed, would those only acquainted with the graver side of his character have been, could they have witnessed the performances which marked the bestowal of these dainties. Competitions of the most varied nature, but always grotesque or fantastic, marked the occasion, and I have seen tears of mirth roll down my father's cheeks as he awarded the prizes to the eager little competitors. When he gave himself up to our amusement, no better playfellow was to be found."

In 1870 he was elected Savilian Professor, and therefore left the Isle of Wight for Oxford, where he resided till his death, with occasional sojourns abroad. The scientific eminence and the excellent work he did is shown by the Royal Society Medal and Prof. Huxley's speech already noted. His last journey to London was to receive that medal, after which infirmity grew rapidly upon him. He was, however, really ill but for a single week, and on Trinity Sunday, 1893, he passed peacefully away at the age of eighty-five.

Of his theological opinions and work little will here be said. He was, as already remarked, rather Low Church, and Tractarianism and Ritualism were repellent to him. He disliked Pusey and was intolerant of Newman, regarding him as over-subtle and essentially sceptical. Yet, strange to say, he was more or less sympathetic with the present Pope, and writing to Father Denza, of the Vatican Observatory, he enclosed a copy of the negative of the Pleiades and photographic proofs of the chart of the heavens, saying:

"It would be for me a real pleasure, and more than a pleasure, if his Holiness the Pope would deign to bestow a glance upon this wonderful achievement of modern astronomy. . . . It might serve to divert the mind of the Venerable Pontiff, even if only a few moments, from his multitudinous cares. And if that personage of great heart and goodness should be pleased to send his good wishes to our Observatory, they would certainly be welcomed with gratitude."

The Pope's secretary replied:

"Vatican, Rome: March, 1892.

"I am pleased to announce, honoured Sir, that conformably with your desire Father Denza has presented your fine work on the Pleiades to the Holy Father Leo XIII. He has admired and studied it with great satisfaction and delight. At the same time he heard with great pleasure of the feelings that you entertain towards his person, and of the praiseworthy desire that you show to help Rome from Oxford. Whilst his Holiness returns your feelings with a sense of sincere goodwill and merited esteem, he hopes from his heart that the Observatory of Oxford may continue to be useful, as it has been hitherto, to the progress of astronomical science, especially under your intelligent care.

"In manifesting to you these feelings and wishes of the Holy Father, I embrace, with pleasure, the opportunity of signifying to you my own most distinguished esteem."

To be thus praised both by the Pope and Prof. Huxley is certainly a very exceptional distinction.

With the sincere love for science and deep personal piety which characterised him, Charles Pritchard was naturally much moved by the controversies which arose respecting the views of Bishop Colenso and Charles Darwin. The Bishop of Worcester tells us that his attitude "was anything but sympathetic" towards the "Higher Criticism"—a circumstance surely to be expected in a man of his age and antecedents. He was also a strong opponent of Darwinism, but he was none the less disposed to acquiesce in evolution.

He was a loyal man of science, and could no more endure pious anti-scientific narrowness and prejudice than its opposite. When an astronomical error as to the sun's dis-

tance from the earth had been recently detected, and a certain journal was singing "Jubilate" over it, he at once wrote, asking Sir John Herschel to say a word and do away with such nonsense, adding, "I have measured the thickness of one of my hairs, and find that the correction now made in the angle means one hair at a distance of 125 feet."

Charles Pritchard was an honest man whom it was good to know, and from whom it was good to learn. I am very thankful to have been able to give my humble testimony concerning that which I know of him as he lived.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

PASCAL.

Les Pensées de Pascal: Texte Critique, etc.
Par G. Michaud. (Fribourg: à la Librairie de l'Université; London: Williams & Norgate.)

PASCAL, says Sainte-Beuve, "is at the heart of Christianity itself": Pascal, says Hume, is a Christian Diogenes, the great example of artificial life. Assuredly, he is nothing by halves, be it worldling or convert, sceptic or believer, physicist or Jansenist. Pascal "the stern and sick," as Goethe calls him, was not made for golden mediocrities, but for passions and ardours in their fullest vehemence. His sister and biographer notes well his *humeur bouillante*. Of most men in notable extremes it is commonly not hard to give an exact account, but Pascal must always abide in a twilight. For though Port-Royal be intimately known to us through countless sources, and though portions of Pascal's life be plain enough, yet the work, from which we try to fashion the true image of his soul, remains a thing of shreds and patches. Our especial gratitude is due to M. Michaud for letting us see to how great a degree that is the case. Other editors of the *Pensées*, such as Havet, Faugère, and Molinier, have given us those wonderful, strange thoughts, arranged upon some plan of their own, which may, but also may not, be that of Pascal. But this is conjecture; we want the *disiecta membra* set before us as Pascal left them. At last we have them. The sixth fasciculus of the *Collectanea Friburgensia* gives us—

"Les Pensées de Pascal, disposées suivant l'ordre du cahier autographe: Texte Critique, établi d'après le manuscrit original et les deux copies de la Bibliothèque Nationale, avec les variantes des principales éditions, précédé d'une introduction, d'un tableau chronologique, et de notes bibliographiques."

The scholarship and scholarly thoroughness of M. Michaud are admirable; thanks to him, here is Pascal himself, not a Pascal garbled by the theological or other prepossessions of his editors: Pascal in his loneliness, agony, ardour, recording the cries of his heart, the subtleties of his brain, with painful haste and zeal, sometimes with an incoherence not wholly sane. St. Augustine and Rousseau leave us their Confessions in perfect form: the passion is in orderly display. But Pascal's thoughts are like snatches of sudden prayer, like a

dream's broken talk, like Hamlet's soliloquies, interspersed with wide passages of methodical reasoning.

His scientific glory crowned him upon the summit of the Puy de Dôme, the scene of his experiments in atmospheric pressure: fame was there, pride and ambition, in the free, exhilarating air. But when he wrote the *Pensées* he saw ever beside him a deep pit opening its unfathomed glooms and fears. An hallucination, doubtless, bred of his miraculous escape, as he held it to be, from the accident at the Pont de Neuilly; but the delusion had its intensity of true meaning. Jansenism, that sombre and harsh way of thought, a would-be Catholic Calvinism or Montanism, warped and darkened the world to his eyes. Yet, Jansenism apart, Pascal was one of those Christians who have no possibility of being happy, except through the joy of sorrow and the delight of abnegation. To Théophile Gautier Christianity was odious, as the cause of melancholy, mysticism, and self-denial; because it humiliated the natural man and poisoned pleasure, and induced an infinite longing. Those were its glories and charms for Pascal, who came perilously near to voluptuousness in the rapture of self-torture, the ecstasies of asceticism. One Good Friday, Dr. Johnson, not to be interrupted in his devotions by Boswell, gave him the *Pensées*. That dear and ridiculous gentleman found in them "a truly divine unction." But unction is not the word; Fénelon, Francis of Sales, have unction; Pascal has a prostrate self-abasement magnificently complete, in which "imbecile nature" is bidden to keep silence, and "impotent reason" to humble itself. All of which is simple, logical, orthodox Christianity; the necessary attitude of man in the presence of the ultimate mysteries, in the ante-chamber of realities. But Pascal, brooding over his *Deus absconditus*, cannot conclude with a complacent expression of man's limited faculties, and a few pious words about doing our best with what light we have. He waxes exultant and sonorous, terrible and savage, lyrical and mournful, as he dwells upon the estate of "man the admirable, the pitiable." But never a word of whining pessimism, petulant reproach: only a splendid self-contempt, a scourging of the "hateful I." Nothing, says St. Ambrose, is loftier than humility, which cannot be exalted, being the superior state: and Pascal's self-abjection is his tribute to man's marred greatness and high destiny. The *Pensées* keep up a perpetual harping upon the greatness and littleness of man, as revealed in their greatness by Christianity. "His very infirmities prove man's greatness: they are the infirmities of a great lord, of a disrowned king." Upon every page we think of Pascal as a baptized Lucretius, whose rolling thunders and swift lightnings come from Sinai and Calvary: he is one of the elect sad souls whose profound severity is heartening.

We cannot judge of what value would have been his "Defence of Christianity," for which most of the *Pensées* are suggestions and notes; probably, it would have been the supreme masterpiece of French prose, if not of all modern prose, but unconvincing to the unbelieving, and perilous to the

faithful. Pyrrhonism, in Pascal's sense a kind of Christian Agnosticism, is a philosophic necessary of life; but Pascal was no metaphysician or theologian, and his reasoned treatise would assuredly have crossed forbidden boundaries. Like his favourite Montaigne, he had no method in the observation of life; his proficiency in mathematics, that precise study, led him to distrust and to decry less narrowly-exacting principles of thought. "Il faut avoir ces trois qualités—pyrrhonien, géomètre, Chrétien soumis." There is no heresy in that, but it does not augur well for a work of professed apologetics. Not his reasoning, but his temperament; not his arguments, but his ideas are what enrich the *Pensées*, making them one of the world's great books. Those to whom the Olympian serenity of Goethe, his "classic equability," seems an intolerable imposture, take instinctively to Pascal; he humbles them and exalts, inspires and saddens; his irony scathes, his compassion salves. His "profondeur de tristesse et d'éloquence," to use Villemain's phrase, sends forth doctrines more commanding and more possible than exhortations to live in "the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful": the straitest sect of the Manichees seems more plausible than that. "La maladie est l'état naturel des Chrétiens" is Pascal's teaching; and, really, we have read much of the same sort in the Gospels. It is for insisting upon this side of Christianity that Mr. Cotter Morison, a strenuous anti-Christian, calls Catholicism "more Scriptural" than Protestantism. Not that a Christian life, says Pascal, is "une vie de tristesse"; because Christian sorrow is more delightful than all worldly joy. Pascal, author of the *Provincial Letters*, was no dusky, dreary penitent, soured and selfish; he had been an accomplished man of this world, and he became an accomplished man of the next, whose "conversation in heaven" had its gracious dignities. "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" has been quoted of Pascal. "Society" in Jerusalem may have said the same of Paul after that deplorable delusion upon the way to Damascus. Passion, indeed, is the note of the *Pensées*, an intense, devouring energy of soul and spirit; but there is no sign of any mental degradation. His bodily pains were not those of the crazed fanatic; his style is still trenchant and pure: even what seem to be lapses from perfect sanity may very well be but the hasty phrases of a man in pain, jotting down rough notes, single words, mere indications of a meaning intelligible to himself. The world has not forgiven its deserter. What the world would pardon in an illiterate friar it does not pardon in Pascal the scientific and polite. With Bayle, it calls him a "paradox of the human race." Volumes have been written to prove that he was, and was not, Catholic, Protestant, sceptic, believer: his brain and his MSS. have been examined and forced to yield evidence. Verily, it is dangerous to be a very passionate Christian, trampling on the world's pride—with a greater. "Mediocrity alone is good!" says Pascal in his contempt.

"The heart has its reasons unknown to reason" is one of his familiar, famous say-

ings; his finer *Pensées* are of that intimate kind. True, he argues much, even to the verge of naked cynicism, about the "chances" of religion being true—the celebrated argument of the wager. But he speaks far more of Christianity as in itself desirable and delightful, as ennobling and dignifying its receiver. We fight inch by inch against conviction if told that a friend has played us false; but we have an immediate longing to believe the truth of some honourable report. Pascal falls in Platonic love—to use the term correctly for once—with Christianity; he cannot do otherwise. "Who can withhold credence and adoration from so divine a light?" And it was for the honour, as he held, of Christianity in its pure grandeur that he fought his jealous fight with the Jesuit casuistry and for the Jansenist heresy, and became more casuistical than any Jesuit in the process. He was untainted by the sometimes worldly motives which were mixed with the acts of Port-Royal; his pride and scorn and stubbornness were for the sake of a Christianity about, as he thought, to be watered down and made cheap and given over to "the crowd, incapable of perfectness." He lacked that mark of the saints—pitilessness for himself, but boundless charity for others; his Puritanism was averse from all softness and indulgence towards the world in little things, that it might be won to the greater things. In that he was absolutely outside the whole tradition of the historical Church, and allied with a goodly number of heretics, perfectionists of many kinds, who have sought to lay burdens not to be borne by the multitude. He professes a full and firm obedience to the divine authority of Rome; and yet, "If my Letters are condemned in Rome, still what I condemn in my Letters is condemned in heaven!" It smacks of Lucifer and Luther; there is some "hateful I" about that. The fervent passion of the man, jealous for the cause he believes divine, drives him into inconsistency; he was not, indeed, a Lamennais, but much of a Savonarola or a Sarpi, in fighting for his convictions against his superiors. Reasons of the heart account for the worst in him, as for the best: he would hardly have been pleased to learn that Gibbon read the *Provincial Letters* once a year as a model of theological argument. Not the controversies of his day, but his thoughts on eternal things preserve his glory. Like Wordsworth, but with a more personal and fiery passion, he contemplates the tragedy of life, its "fierce confederate storm" of sorrows, its heights and deeps; turning the light of a restless imagination upon the secular scene, and noting the poignancies of the play. He has made his "renonciation totale et douce" but the burning renunciant sends his thoughts far over the world and its history, appraising the value of things, letting escape him no trace of man's degradation or man's grandeur, eager to show what Christianity can do for both. A lover of superiorities, he has pity for their opposites, but mere contempt for the meagre and the middling; he is capable of making submission to evil, but not a compromise, and, if the heights of sanctity be

unattainable, he will still attempt them. France has no writer, certainly no lay writer, who resembles him in his superb austerity: "on mourra seul," he said, and in truth he both was and is a man of isolation, dwelling apart. "Pensée fait la grandeur de l'homme": profoundly, absolutely, is that true of Pascal. He is no phrasemonger—witty, light, clever; "an epigrammatist—a bad man" is one of his rough jottings. Nor is he the elegant and querulous keeper of a sentimental journal. He is one of the voices which at rare intervals come from the heart of a man, and go to the hearts of men: *cor ad cor loquitur*, and deep answers deep.

"A WISE AND GOOD BOOK."

Rich and Poor. By Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet. (Macmillans.)

MRS. BOSANQUET is one of those who have learnt the secret of the higher philanthropy. She realises that to help one's neighbours effectively requires not only a good heart, but a clear head, and that a scientific study of the facts and causes of poverty is the needed preliminary to any effort after its amelioration. For poverty upon the London scale becomes really a complex and baffling problem. In the village, like many other things, it is simple enough. There is plenty of money, and no person of ordinary enlightenment who knows the people need have much difficulty in distributing it to good purpose. But when it is a matter of dealing with the obscure and isolated millions of a huge city, then uninstructed benevolence is soon in perplexity whether any particular form of charity suggested to it will not, on the whole, do more harm than good. Merely to give is like thrusting an iron rod into some complicated piece of machinery; only the expert can tell what the result will be. Here, as elsewhere, the first need is "light, more light." Mrs. Bosanquet, then, writes as an expert for non-experts. The first part of her volume is a careful study—stimulated, one supposes, by Mr. Charles Booth's *Life and Labour of the London People*—of the actual conditions of a single typical London parish; of its industries and institutions, of the working of church and school in it, of the habits and opinions of its people, of their real needs and their effective standard of comfort. In the second part Mrs. Bosanquet makes some practical suggestions as to how charitably disposed persons, under the existing social and legal conditions, may at least be sure of not doing much harm. Questions of possible legislative reform do not come within her scheme.

The general impression which we carry away from this singularly instructive and illuminating book is one not so much of the ignorance and ineffectiveness of the poor, as of the ignorance and ineffectiveness of the rich. It is less money that is lacking for purposes of charity, in Mrs. Bosanquet's view, than brains. So much is given to the wrong people, at the wrong time, and in the wrong way.

"Money is flung in among us much as nuts are flung to boys to scramble for. Soup-kitchens, philanthropic societies, country holi-

day funds, Ragged School funds, funds from all the enterprising newspapers, and funds from all the political clubs in the districts; church funds and chapel funds, missions and mothers' meetings, all are engaged in pouring money into a slough of poverty, which swallows it up and leaves no trace of improvement. No one is the richer for all the thousands of pounds squandered in the parish, for it is given away in miserable little 'doles' which are incapable of helping any man to solid ground, and only help to 'keep him down.'"

The worst of these doles are those due to the pious benefactors of the past. They amount to an enormous sum.

"Let those who are interested in the question of old age pensions realise the fact that there is in England a sum of £1,025,000 per annum actually in their hands and available for the purpose, which is now to a large extent being frittered away in meaningless doles of bread and clothing and half-crowns, which serve no purpose but to create greedy expectations and discontent."

Of the spirit in which modern charity is too often administered, Mrs. Bosanquet says:

"I once showed an old lady, much given to good works of the Lady Bountiful order, how some *protégés* of hers who were constantly on the verge of starvation might be placed in possession of a small but regular and sufficient income. 'My dear,' she said, 'I don't think it is a good plan; they would get too independent. I like them to come to me when they are in difficulties, and ask for what they want.'"

And so we have a strongly unfavourable judgment from a thoroughly well-equipped observer as to the total effect of four-fifths of the benevolent agencies of the day. Enough, surely, to confirm the belief—which one always runs the danger of being treated as a cynic for expressing—that much of the evil in the world is due to the good heart. Doubtless Mrs. Bosanquet's book will have no immunity from criticisms. It will be said: "These are the rigid views of charity notoriously held by the Charity Organisation Society; and the obviously humane thing is none the less to relieve misery where it exists, without troubling too much about the possible after results." Or, as Mr. Kipling's Badalia Herodsfoot puts it, "You can't pauperise them as 'asn't things to begin with. They're bloomin' well pauped." Mrs. Bosanquet's sympathy with the Charity Organisation Society may be admitted. It may also be justified, on the ground that though the methods of the Charity Organisation Society may occasionally allow a deserving case to slip through the mesh, they do, at any rate, keep up a barrier between charity and the undeserving. Mrs. Bosanquet does not, nor do we, accept the standpoint of

"the commonplace Guardian . . . who will explain his 'policy' by saying that he would rather help ninety-nine impostors than neglect one deserving case; oblivious alike of all wider issues involved in helping impostors, and of the obvious fact that the proper course is to do neither the one nor the other."

And we are not sure that the really humane doctrine, hard though it may appear at first sight, is not Mrs. Bosanquet's, when she says: "It is often urged, 'We cannot let the family suffer for the father's faults.' It

is not quite clear to me that we cannot, if that is the shortest way to redemption for all alike." It must not, however, be supposed that Mrs. Bosanquet is a pessimist about her London. She is rather what we should call a meliorist; sceptical, indeed, about many vaunted panaceas and short cuts to social salvation, but yet with a warm hope in the heart of her.

"On the covers of a popular tract," she says, "... I find the quotation, 'Hell is a city much like London.' If this were so, I would cheerfully accept a sentence which should doom me to hell, and would play my part as a citizen to the best of my power; for it would be a city full of pathos and humour, where much that is bad is mingled with all that is lovable; where the very fiends who are represented as tormenting the lost are really engaged in works of mercy and brotherly love; a city, above all, where justice and straightforwardness and manly effort never fail to make their influences felt."

Of Mrs. Bosanquet's practical suggestions we have left ourselves little room to speak. They seem to come to this, "Work through local institutions: become guardians and Board school managers, and strengthen the hands of the Charity Organisation Society." We gather from some of her criticisms that she would add: "Keep your religion and your charity distinct"; and certainly it is no rosy view that she sets before us of the part played by the Churches in the attempt to solve the problem of poverty.

"For many years almsgiving has been regarded by the Church as a mere accessory to religion, and too often as a means of promoting attendance at its services and classes. Now time has worked out its revenge, and the people have come to regard services and classes—and, indeed, religion itself so far as they know it—as accessory to alms-giving and as a means of obtaining relief. It would sometimes seem as if the only hope for both lay in an entire divorce between the two."

Not only is this a wise and good book: it is an exceedingly well-written and even an entertaining one. Mrs. Bosanquet has a keen insight into character, and a gift of lucid exposition. She grasps her points firmly and drives them well home. She has the saving grace of humour. Only inordinate quotation could fairly appraise her practical hints and flashes of shrewd observation. It is a book to enlighten both heart and eyes, and to dust away many of the secular cobwebs of charitable commonplace.

EARLY CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

Newly Discovered Early Christian Literature in Translations. Ante-Nicene Christian Library: Additional Volume, containing Early Christian Works discovered since the Completion of the Series, and Selections from the Commentaries of Origen. Edited by Allan Menzies, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK have made accessible to a wide circle of readers a mass of documents, some of which have been studied with intense interest by theological experts in the

hope that they might throw new light on that most momentous of historical problems, the growth of early Christianity. Among these may be mentioned the Gospel and Apocalypse of Peter; the Apology of Aristides, and the Diatessaron of Tatian. But one fails to see why the Didaché has been omitted; for, to judge by the advertisement, it does not appear in any former volume of the series.

At the time of the Reformation patristic literature was studied chiefly with a view to discovering arguments for or against the supremacy of Rome. The leaders of the Oxford Movement asked from it a wider basis for Anglican doctrine and discipline than the New Testament alone could supply. And now that the Apostolic origin of much in the New Testament itself has been denied not only by rationalistic, but by Christian critics, the Early Fathers are being ransacked with still greater zeal for the faintest references to our canonical Scriptures. It does not appear, however, that so far, any new evidence has fallen with decisive weight on either side of the controversy. Granting all that has been claimed for Tatian's Diatessaron, it belongs at best to the second half of the second century, and, therefore, cannot be quoted in proof of the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, nor even of its having been written much earlier than 150 A.D. Still less can the so-called Gospel of Peter bear the scaffolding of destructive criticism reared on it by Dr. James Martineau. Before drawing any inference from such a mere fragment we must know when it was written, and that still remains a matter of dispute. Mr. Rutherford tells us that "the date of the work is variously fixed by different scholars; Harnack assigns it to the first quarter of the second century, while Mr. Armitage Robinson and other scholars place it later" (p. 5).

Nothing is more remarkable in New Testament literature than its extreme reticence with regard to the state of souls—especially lost souls—after death and judgment. Even the Apocalypse ascribed to St. John only lifts the veil a very little way. Perhaps the prospect of a reign of saints on earth helped to keep this remoter eventuality out of sight. But as the Millenarian vision faded away, men's imaginations busied themselves more and more with the details of a future life, viewed especially on its darker side. The present volume gives a regular series of Apocalypses due to this morbid tendency. They possess a certain interest as exhibiting a steady evolution of eschatological conceptions in a single direction. We find the terrors of hell more and more diverted from their original moral purpose to subserve the interests of the dominant ecclesiastical order. First comes the Revelation of Peter. According to Mr. Rutherford it "must have been written before the middle of the second century." He justly notes the "Judaic severity of its morality," and its kinship to the Vision of Er at the end of Plato's *Republic* (p. 146). With the single exception of idolaters, to whose fate only one verse is devoted, the lost souls in this vision are suffering penal torments for offences against morality, among which, as might be ex-

pected, breaches of charity and of chastity hold a conspicuous place. Next comes the "Vision of Paul," probably composed about 388 A.D. (p. 149). At that time the great Theodosius, who first gave the world a sample of Spanish intolerance, had long been reigning, and a spirit of persecution was abroad which finds an eloquent spokesman in the pseudo-Paul. The supposed Apostle is conducted through the infernal regions by an angel who shows him numerous categories of men and women punished, generally by burning, for crimes often by no means of the deepest dye. Among others, he observes some "clothed in bright garments, having their eyes blind, placed in a pit," and is told that "they are of the people who did alms, and knew not the Lord God, for which reason they unceasingly pay the proper penalties"—whatever those may be (p. 161). After a time Paul breaks out into lamentations, but is rebuked by the angel, who promises to show him punishments "seven times greater than these." And for whom are such extreme and awful penalties reserved? "They are whoever shall not confess that Christ has come in the flesh, and that the Virgin Mary brought Him forth, and whoever says that the bread and cup of the Eucharist of blessing are not this body and blood of Christ" (p. 162). Others are condemned to eternal frost for denying the resurrection of the flesh. Finally, thanks to Paul's intercession, all obtain a periodical respite of twenty-four hours from their pain, on the day of Christ's resurrection—whether once a week or once a year is not made clear. The Apocalypse of the Virgin, "conjecturally assigned to the ninth century," marks a fresh development. Here it is the Mother of God who visits the damned, and among those who meet her pitying gaze are not only heretics of various shades but quite orthodox Catholics who failed to treat the clergy with proper respect, "not rising up to the presbyter when they entered into the church of God." Their punishment is to sit for ever on burning benches of fire. Others suffer equally for sleeping too late on Sunday morning (p. 171). But the worst torments are reserved for the wives of presbyters who did not honour their husbands, i.e., "who after the death of the presbyter took husbands" (p. 172). The Mother of God implores mercy for Christian sinners, but carefully excludes the unbelieving Jews from her intercession. Her prayer is heard to the extent of granting them a respite on the day of Pentecost, "to glorify the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit" (p. 174).

Nearly half this volume is occupied by extracts from the voluminous commentaries of Origen on John and Matthew. A mere glance at them will suffice to justify the suspicion with which the Church has always regarded this great Father. For instance, he frankly admits that the Gospel narratives are irreconcilable with one another when read as simple records of historical events; and he will not condemn their authors "even if they sometimes dealt freely with things which to the eye of history happened differently, and changed them so as to

subserve the mystical aims they had in view," altering for theological purposes both what was said and done on various occasions (p. 383). He was also fully alive to the contradictions between Scripture and science—at least what passed for science in his time. But here the difficulty is more easily got over. Physicians, Origen tells us, do not believe in demoniacal possession. They treat temporary insanity as a bodily disorder, ascribing it to a certain sympathy between the moisture of the brain and the moist light of the moon. But this is a mere coincidence due to the cunning of the impure spirits, who carefully watch the phases of the moon, and regulate their attacks on human beings accordingly in order to bring that luminary into undeserved discredit (p. 478). A modern disciple of Origen might suggest that the demons were counterfeiting all the symptoms of epilepsy or hysteria in order to lay snares for the physiologists of the future.

It remains to congratulate the translators on their skilful performance of an arduous task. Their names are a guarantee for the fidelity of the versions, but these also contain many examples of clear, spirited, and idiomatic English, showing a command of literary expression not always combined with profound linguistic scholarship.

PLAUTI BACCHIDES.

Edited, with Introduction, Commentary, and Critical Notes, by J. M'Cosh, M.A. (Methuen & Co.)

Of the twenty-one plays accepted by Varro as the genuine productions of Plautus we still possess twenty. All of these belong to the class known as "*fabulæ palliatae*," that is, plays derived from Greek sources with the scenes laid amid Greek surroundings. For his plots Plautus went to the writers of the "new comedy" or comedy of manners, of which Philemon, Menander, and Diphilus were the ablest exponents; but, whereas the refined wit, which characterises these writers, would scarcely have appealed to a Roman audience in the time of Plautus, he discarded this for what was simply farcical, and by means of broad humour, spirited dialogue, and a remarkable power of calling out all the resources of his native tongue, contrived to catch the popular taste in a way which no Roman writer before or after him ever approached. His aim was to amuse, not to educate or instruct; whatever conduced to this end was suitable for his purpose; serious meaning or depth of feeling would be out of place in a burlesque, and to look for them in the comedies of Plautus is an equally idle task; rapid action, amusing incident, plenty of broad jokes and buffoonery—such were the requirements of the Italian playgoer in the third century B.C., and such Plautus supplied.

That his plots suffered in artistic treatment in this process was only to be expected; but that he succeeded in his object is beyond dispute. So again, it is perhaps beside the mark to inquire whether the tendency of his plays is moral or the reverse. He

certainly recognised, though perhaps without attaching any great importance to it, a difference between right and wrong, as is clear from the moral appended to many of his plays—e.g., the "*Bacchides*":

"Hi senes nisi fuissent nihili iam inde ab adulescentia,
Non hodie hoc tantum flagitium facerent
canis capitibus" (ll. 1209, 10).

Coarseness of language undoubtedly occurs in Plautus, but it is never introduced merely for its own sake, or to pander to the lowest instincts in human nature; his characters are made to speak and act as they would in real life, and a glance at the *dramatis personæ* of any Roman comedy might warn us that among such mixed company we are likely to hear a language somewhat more robust and full-bodied than that which passes current in refined circles.

The truth is, Plautus was most at home with the lower and middle classes, and it is for them he mainly writes. A rough good-humour and cheerful sympathy with all leads him to laugh where more severe moralists would censure; but he was pre-eminently the poet to appeal to a nation longing for the return of mirth and merriment, which the long struggle with Hannibal had well-nigh stifled; and it is not a little significant that the first play of Plautus should have been produced in the memorable year of the Roman victory at the Metaurus, B.C. 207—a year which well might call forth every sentiment of national joy and exultation.

In the "*Bacchides*," a play which ranks high in the Plautine list, we are introduced to the usual characters of Roman comedy: two silly old men, each with a spendthrift son; a rascally slave, whose cleverness is only surpassed by his old master's folly; a swaggering fire-eating soldier; two *blandæ meretrices*, twins alike in name and fame; a parasite, who will demean himself to anything for a meal; and a *pædagogus*—this last being the only one with any real claim to respectability. The subject treated is a favourite one with Plautus; the machinations, namely, of a slave, devoted to his young master, to cheat the latter's father and squander his money in chambering and wantonness. Certain incidents in the play do not conform to the strict canons of modern taste, but, upon the whole, Plautus has exercised remarkable self-restraint. The interest is well sustained, and the *dénouement*, unedifying as it is, is brought about in such a natural way that we feel ourselves obliged to smile at the ridiculous position in which the two hoary old sinners eventually land themselves.

It is this play which Mr. M'Cosh has given English readers a chance of now reading for the first time in a convenient form, for which service he deserves their thanks. Troublesome duty as he confesses in his preface to have found the task of editing, it is obvious from the results that he has not shirked his work. English scholars had certainly neglected Plautine studies till some few years ago; and, though the numerous editions of single plays now annually pouring from the English press prove that the fascination of embarking on this wide and

only half-explored sea of research has at last proved too strong for them, it will be long before we shall have anything to compare with the labours of such as Ritschl, Ussing, Brix, or Studemund. The present work, though hardly on a level with the best that English scholarship has produced on Plautus in recent years, yet possesses, apart from its value as the only English edition of the *Bacchides*, distinct merits of its own. Of these enthusiasm for Plautus is one; but this enthusiasm should not have led Mr. M'Cosh into indiscriminate abuse of Horace, because the latter has ventured to criticise the poets of the old Roman drama. If we may say so, without incurring Horace's fate, we think that Mr. M'Cosh has, from a partial misunderstanding of Horace's criticisms, regarded them as a sweeping condemnation, which is far from being the truth. But, in any case, to abuse Horace is not to help Plautus; and, both being so well able to stand on their own merits, we might have been spared this outburst.

Passing to more useful matter, in the introduction we find the life of Plautus, the views of the ancient world about him, an account of Plautine MSS. and editions, and the inevitable chapter on "*Metres and Prosody*"; this last strikes us as being needlessly long, and the conclusions therefore in danger of being obscured. The "*apparatus criticus*" at the foot of the text, enabling the student to balance the evidence in favour of conflicting readings or proposed conjectures, must have been an especially difficult task to fulfil, but it has been conscientiously performed; while the commentary will serve not merely to elucidate this particular play of Plautus but help also to an understanding of all; for the editor has made this a special object by means of minute comparison of words and phrases and a careful examination of Plautine peculiarities.

In conclusion, let us add that the play is printed in delightfully clear type, on good paper, and with generous margins. If an analysis of the plot could oust the page of "*corrigenda*" which now confronts us at the outset, we should welcome the exchange.

THE ART OF MR. BEARDSLEY.

A Book of Fifty Drawings. By Aubrey Beardsley. (Leonard Smithers.)

THIS book, bound in scarlet and gold, is a relic of the true Yellowness. Here, by simply turning over the pages, the curious are enabled to note the phases which Mr. Beardsley's art has passed through in the four or five years in which he has occupied a place in the public eye; to observe how he has progressed (or otherwise) from Malory treated with reverence to Wagner boisterously slapped on the back; how he has worked under the influence first of Sir Edward Burne-Jones alone, then of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and the Japanese combined; then, shaking off both, has sought inspiration in an artificiality found partly in Pope and partly in Watteau; then, has thought to try his hand in the manner now of Mr. Whistler, now of the

Little Masters; and latterly he has laboriously clowned it for the delectation of persons who have no sense of fun. At last one lays aside the book in amazement at the artist's cleverness in adopting and adapting the style of others and his perversity in refusing to be himself for more than a fleeting moment. For an artist who persistently expresses other persons, though he may be interesting, cannot enchain. Mr. Beardsley has so dispersed and frittered away his individuality that he never enchains, although few draughtsmen stimulate curiosity more than he. The fascination of forbidden fruit is over his work; he appeals very cleverly to the idle mind's interest in what is darkly naughty, and what to practical busy people is very silly and superfluous. He is continually saying explicitly the things which wiser men and women take for granted; and that, we may remark, was the secret of the modern *Décadents*. This criticism does not, however, apply to all of Mr. Beardsley's fifty drawings in the book before us. Now and then, when he is at his best, he has qualities not to be found in any of his contemporaries or exemplars. The previously unpublished drawing of "Ali Baba in the Wood" (on p. 146), for instance, suggests that Mr. Beardsley might make an ideal illustrator of certain tales in the *Arabian Nights*; for in this picture he catches much of the mystery of the book. The "Ave atque vale" (on p. 151) has a dignity which Mr. Beardsley has led us not to expect in his work. "The Coiffing" (on p. 173), a line drawing, is a piece of masterly composition, and the same may be said of the remarkable design in masses of black and white on p. 120. Another surprise is offered on p. 70, where we find a vignette made for the *Morte d'Arthur*, which positively has life and movement and open air. "Ah, but the artist that was lost," we are tempted to say, with Mr. Dobson, on looking at this beautiful fragment; but in his *Morte d'Arthur* days, four years and more ago, Mr. Beardsley was frequently almost debonnaire, and always sincere. He has not often been sincere since. Some of the Malory drawings are exquisite, and we are glad that they fill so large a portion of the book.

MISS SOLDENE'S REMINISCENCES.

My Theatrical and Musical Recollections. By Emily Soldene. (Downey & Co.)

MR. KIPLING has assured us—and it were impious to doubt anything proceeding from such an august authority—that "there are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays." There are, certainly, many methods of putting together theatrical reminiscences. Whatever be the method, however, which is adopted, the book, in order to justify its existence, should be brightly written and readable. Much more than this it may be; it should certainly not be less. Miss Soldene's theatrical and musical reminiscences are, we hasten to add, eminently readable, and possess that gay Bohemian colouring which invariably attracts those

who live outside Bohemia; while it serves to arouse pleasant recollections among the elect themselves. Miss Soldene showed her versatility—to say nothing of her catholicity—by making her first prolonged acquaintance with the public at the "Oxford" and at Exeter Hall. At Exeter Hall she sang in the "Elijah" and the "Messiah," in company with Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Mr. Santley endeavoured to assuage her nervousness by the following remark: "Nervous!" said he, "what for? You see that crowd of people in front; well, little as you know, they know less." Possibly Mr. Santley considered that there was "no such person" as a musical critic. After Exeter Hall came a long engagement at the Oxford (1866-7), and then Miss Soldene obtained an opportunity of showing her special abilities in the comic opera line, and commenced what proved to be a lengthy series of successes (in the "Grand Duchess" and "Chilperic," and "Geneviève de Brabant"), which she won, not only in England, but in America, Australia and New Zealand. Miss Soldene's sparkling exuberance and overflowing animal spirits seem scarcely to have ever deserted her—except on sea voyages. In fact, there is something Pickwickian in the rosy coloured picture of her doings, although we fear that many of the incidental touches would have deeply shocked that proper old gentleman in gaiters.

Some of the stories are amusing enough in their way, though the humour is of a decidedly broad character; and these scarcely bear translating from the free and easy atmosphere of Bohemia into the more conventional atmosphere of the region outside. So we may confidently leave them to receive their proper meed of praise when the Eminent Person and the Mere Boy discuss them in the smoking-room. Miss Soldene briefly alludes to the ill-success of "H.M.S. Pinafore" when first performed at the Opera Comique in 1878; but we do not know why she invariably spells Mr. D'Oyly Carte's name as "D'Oyley." At times, we must confess, Miss Soldene's gossip rather palled upon us. It is impossible to feel more than a faint interest in the fact that Mr. A— entertained a great partiality for pretty girls (a characteristic by no means confined to Mr. A—); or that Lord B— would occasionally have tea, more occasionally something stronger, with a few chorus ladies; and even the remark that Lord Rosebery once appeared behind the scenes at the Gaiety only mildly thrilled us. Still, although this volume is not brilliantly entertaining, yet, like the curate's egg, it is excellent in parts.

ROYAL ACADEMY ARCHITECTURE.

The "Builder" Album of Royal Academy Architecture, 1896. (Catherine Street, Strand.)

To the enterprise of the *Builder* we owe this spacious volume. On one page is the reproduced drawing of a building; on the other is the explanatory letterpress. Eighty-one plates of buildings, of decorative designs

and of sculpture, represent the selection made almost entirely from the walls of the little parlour dedicated to architecture at the Royal Academy. This well-got-up Album forms a pleasant reminiscence of the summer-house which through last year, as through many others, gave rest to the picture-weary and to the lovers of one another. The monochrome tinted wall veilings and the central sofa afford repose to the colour-haunted eyes of note-taking critics, and to the bodies of those who have had a good collation. It is a small heaven where the learned cease from troubling and the Philistines merely rest.

It would seem that designers who have in hand important and realisable work are coming more and more to feel that the pictured paper is either a false or an inadequate representation of the actual walls: thus, we have increases of competition drawings which have been futile, and of designs ordained by fancy and not by clients. The men who are big—in the conventional sense at least—send fewer and fewer of these perspective phantoms of accomplished work. The Academy grows more justified in the niggard lines of the space allotted to the most important art of which it takes official notice. The enthusiastic beginner, the man who only builds with coloured water on Whatman's paper, the firms who deal in decorations, fill the spaces prepared for the past masters who do not come. If the authors of buildings, both good and great, could be induced to send a well-done plan, section and elevation, made to a moderate scale, of each or some of them, there might be a successful architectural room. In the meantime we endeavour to be content with the things of which this album is the outcome. Neither the public, nor the experts, nor those neutrals the critics, can be excited by a show which has neither *ad captandum*, nor technical, nor allusive quality to recommend it. The end, however, is peace; there is nothing to quarrel about; neither the outsider, the expert, nor the critic find a bone to pick; thus the room is rather an asylum for painless extinction than a home for the dogs of war.

In the meantime we have in the *Builder Album* a record of the state of things that exists. It would seem that the men who foresee that their drawings will be reproduced should use a pen and Indian or common ink; brush-work, especially in colours, does not come out well in process, and loses the lineality and clearness which belongs to pen-work when applied to a subject where form is first. This is an *obiter dictum*; the drawings themselves, whether in wash or line, have in the reproduction been most carefully treated. The designs have been discussed long since by the professional journals; those which have been carried out have living commentaries every day, those which have not have joined the "lost causes." We are glad that the *Builder* perseveres with these annual volumes; for even the imperfect history which is thus being formed of our architectural progress teaches us what courage we may gain from hope, what resolution from despair.

POETRY.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN'S NEW
POEMS.

The Conversion of Winckelmann, and Other Poems. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN is a modern Apollo, whose Daphne is the Muse, and from whom Peneius, living again in Lord Salisbury, has rescued the flying nymph by transforming her into a laurel:

"And in his triumph the victor confounded,
Clasped at a woman and kissed but a bough."

He has the laurel at any rate. He wears it on his title-page, and yet is not content. Through one hundred and fifty pages he chases the vanished Muse with even feet. Mr. Austin is not a writer from whom we expect surprises, nor does he give us any in the course of the new volume, unless it be by the omission of *Dr. Jameson's Ride*, verses which had at least the merit of catching the spirit of their theme, for the raid succeeded as ill in rhyme as it had done in life. No doubt the contents of the new book are designed to take a range as widely popular and as domestic as befits the lays of a Laureate. All the same, the *Conversion of Winckelmann* will convert nobody to Mr. Austin who was not converted already. As a poet he stands where he did, as everyone who knows anything knew he would. The Muse may be a wondrous faithful wife; but the espousals must be when the poet is young. We speak, of course, of those writers, few and far between, who contract marriages with the Muse. There are others who merely follow in her train. To these last Mr. Austin belongs; and though we, too, suffer from the shock of seeing some critics rating rhyme as poetry for no other reason than that it appears in print, we refuse to throw, by way of reaction, cheap jibes at a man because he is not in the front ranks of his calling. "Do not shoot the organist—he is doing his best," ought to be an unnecessary monition to an audience of reviewers. That the laurel, seeing who had worn it, should be made prostitute to politics was a grief—we use no lighter word—to the lovers of poetical poetry. But the thing is done; and even if it were shown that Mr. Austin not only accepted the honour, but sought it, we have enough compassion for the kindred weaknesses of human nature to let that, too, pass, and to judge of his book without any prejudice against it for the post he holds.

The Conversion of Winckelmann tells—or rather suggests, for there is no frank history in it—the story of the conversion of a Lutheran German to Catholicism in order to pursue the better his antiquarian studies. Dickens once complained of the unreasonable grounds on which, as an editor, he was asked to accept contributions—because, for instance, the editor once "lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew, when that interesting stranger had broken his own"; and perhaps only a convert to Roman Catholicism can appreciate the profoundly unreasonable explanations which

others offer for his conduct. Unable to appreciate his real motives, they have twenty improbabilities at hand for quotation. That Winckelmann was the victim among his German friends of this natural selection of motives for his change of religion we have no doubt. But the supposition of his insincerity rests on an absolute ignorance of the ethics and habits of the Roman Court at the period, and it has not a phrase, a wink even, of Winckelmann in its support. It is, therefore, an unsatisfactory subject for treatment such as Mr. Austin's, where Winckelmann is made out of his own mouth to utter his own condemnation. If Mr. Austin had a dramatic situation to give, if he felt he could betray in very truth the soul of a man in a false position, well and good; but where was the need to pin these tatters of a moral reputation to the body of Winckelmann? He had not even a name, one imagines, to recommend him to the reader of modern verse. However, whether of Winckelmann or another, no matter now. The story is told by Mr. Austin in blank verse, of which it is no shame to say that it has its constant derivations from Tennyson and Browning, poets whom Mr. Austin, as a critic of old, has not otherwise flattered. The poem opens with a soliloquy by the antiquarian, who thus counts the cost of his lie:

"One sudden, solitary, sterile lie,
With no false brood to follow, haply born
Of feebleness, surprise, forbearing fear
Lest the hard fact should hurt, were base
enough;

"Look this colossal lie full in the face!
It is not sudden, solitary, barren,
Feeble, surprised, a gift to tenderness,
But a deliberate, procreative lie,
Teeming with perjured progeny, swarm on
swarm
Of profitable falsehood, each fresh fraud
Begetting a new litter: lie on lie,
With lies, and ever yet more lies to follow,
A labyrinth of lying! Winckelmann!"

Mr. Austin can always plainly express himself—he has not graduated as a journalist for nothing. And sometimes the expression has the beauty of the following lines:

"Battoni's lovely daughters, voice with voice,
Like two waves wantoning to be one, awhile
Eluding each the other, near, apart,
Till merged at length in one smooth melody."

At its medium it is this:

"There Hermes, not yet dwarfed to Mercury,
Winged at the head and sandalled at the heel,
Heaven's messenger alert, whose stolen strings,
Stretched deftly o'er the sluggish tortoise'
shell,
Make instant music: Virgin Artemis,
Kept chaste by action and the brisk embrace
Of Morning, bright and chilly as her spear,
Her bare feet diamonded with meadow dew,
And twin-leashed boar-hounds baying at her
side,
Beating Arcadian covert."

To return to the story, Winckelmann crying out at last:

"There's nothing under heaven I won't believe,
I'd sooner be a priest of Cybele
Than bide imbruted here,"

makes his submission to the shadowy Car-

dinal, and so attains "the grandeur that was Rome," and unlocks for himself the doors of the Vatican Library, which, you are to suppose, is "enclosure" against non-believers. In the Villa Albani the second section of the poem finds him the prey of scruples; and in the third section his lying on a couch at Trieste, after he had been mortally wounded under circumstances that are well known. A Capuchin friar is at hand, and an old Bible—which you are supposed "the Cardinal" would not approve—is of course an accessory of this last scene. "You are very kind," he says to the Capuchin,

"And so is the Madonna, and" [so is, *sic*,] "the saints,
But if you'll read to me from out the book
My mother gave me when I was a boy,
In the old Mark, I think I should prefer it."

The poor "preference" notwithstanding, the Capuchin ends the poem by declaring:

"The homing soul goes quiet on the wing
Unto its nest in heaven."

Mr. Austin is said to be most at home in the garden, no doubt truly; he is a garden poet; but it is just there that the reader of poetry, too, is most besieged by memories of the exquisite imagery which flowers have afforded to the bards, and is, in consequence, most exacting. Such poems as "Another Spring Carol," with its "cowslip tapers," recalling Mr. de Vere, and its pretty though not new-born—

"And the sod is uplifted
By crocus spears;

and "A Florilegium" show us Mr. Austin as we can read him best:

"All the seasons of the year
Have flowers for you, dear.
When the ploughland's flecked with snow,
And the blue-eyed scyllas blow,
Gazing, through the wintry gale,
Like your eyes when you are pale;
When in many a cloistered walk
Droop upon their modest stalk
Vestal snowdrops, one by one,
White as is a wimpled nun;

These and more, to you I bring,
Bold outriders of the spring."

The verses on "John Everett Millais" are surely unworthy of publication by a serious writer addressing serious readers; and the curious determination to sit up to Tennyson in Tennyson's chair is strangely shown by Mr. Austin in his "Who would not die for England?" and "The Point of Honour." Why, we could have dispensed with Alfred the Greater himself in the moods that produced "The Grandmother," and some of his addresses to Royalty. Then, Mr. Austin, failing recognition of his boundaries, which in poetry is as great a transgression as in the law of the land is the failure to recognise your neighbour's land-marks, insists on being philosophical, and tries *A Reply to a Pessimist*, not of course without some well-turned stanzas:

"Is Love less sweet because men loved of yore?
No, sweeter, stronger, with the ages' growth.
Love's long descent ennobles loving more,
And Helen's falsehood fortifies one's troth."

Bridging Time's stream with its commanding span,
We stand upon the Present, and we scan
Future and Past, and seem to live along them both."

"Love's long descent ennobles loving more" is the striking and memorable line of the volume; but Mr. Austin made havoc of his own good fortune by going on to the *banal* end. He proceeds to admonish us:

"Yet fear not lest that knowledge should deflower
The awe that veils the inviolable Power,
Or that we e'er shall learn what, whence, and why we are—"

which is a concession to the pessimist as tremendous as the pessimist could have desired.

By loose language and a failure of grasp, Mr. Austin gives the optimistic case away again and again:

"What if there were no Heaven? there is the Earth.
What if there were no goal? there is the race."

In fact, the happiness of life is in seeking happiness, even though there be no happiness to seek. If these are Mr. Austin's metaphysics, we prefer his metres.

Under Quicken Boughs. By Nora Hopper. (John Lane.)

THE Celtic movement in literature is an accomplished fact, and it would ill beseem, therefore, even a brutal Saxon, with the English respect for facts, to sneer at it. In truth, there is no occasion to sneer at it. It has produced much good literature, at the head of which is the work of Mrs. Hinkson and of Mr. W. B. Yeats. Miss Hopper's *Under Quicken Boughs*, too, is permeated with the characteristics of the school in poetry. Mrs. Hinkson has evidently been studied by Miss Hopper; but, for all that, the younger poet's note is in a manner her own; and those who are fascinated by this endeavour to infuse new blood into English literature will give to Miss Nora Hopper's poems a favourite place on their shelves. We take Miss Hopper at her average in our quotation:

IRISH IVY.

"Ivy of Ireland in my garden grows
Beside the foxglove that the wild bee knows,
More dear to me than lavender or rose.
"Grey moths about me flit, and gold wasps hum:
The bees salute it softly as they come:
The east wind loiters by it, and is dumb—
"Or whispers very lightly of green rings,
The hollow raths, the fairy-people springs,
And buried days when Boholaun had wings,
"And rode amid the unforgotten Shee.
Or the west wind comes, laughing from the sea,
And tells the youngest leaves of days to be,
"When Eri's grievous wound is healed, and she
Shall lift her gracious head, and, smiling, see
Her children coming crowned about her knee.
"Ivy of Ireland, is the promise clear?
You climb towards the light 'twixt hope and fear.
But would'to God the day we wait were here!"

FICTION.

Animal Episodes and Studies in Sensation.
By G. H. Powell. (George Redway.)

IT is an adroit title. The word "studies" conveys a gentle suggestion as of one who has stepped down from a higher plane to inquire into the sensational "in a spirit of truth." Mr. Powell would have us know that his mind is philosophic though his pen may dabble in gore. He may be reassured. No one who dips into the *Studies in Sensation* and has the eye for a "style" can doubt that the author will be quite as effective in low tones as he is with the primary hues of the tragic and the supernatural. Indeed, the first story—of Mops the Terrier and his interference in the Irish question—is so studiously placid as to convince one of Mr. Powell's intention in assigning its position. The debased reader, however, who desires to feel his flesh creep should omit the opening story and get at once into the thick of Mr. Powell's "sensations." He will read of people in fearful peril on burning roofs, who escape by cutting down telephone posts and walking along them to the next block; of dire combats between men and eagles, cats and deadly snakes; of runaway horses that career down streets "up" for mending; of Lucrezia Borgia poisons picked up in old bookstalls; of thrilling adventures in the Alps; of scaly monsters, haunted houses, and mysterious moats. Clearly Mr. Powell has "studied" sensation to some purpose. It may be granted that some of his excursions into the awful are quite models of their kind, their kind being the short magazine story. It is worth someone's while to look rather closely into the influence which the rise and progress of monthly magazines has had on fiction. Such tales as Mr. Powell's did not exist fifty years ago, when ideas, if not fewer, were more rigidly economised. The strange case of Sharon Fulsay would then have occupied as many pages as it does lines; and nothing less than the regulation three volumes could have done justice to "The Reresby Mote Ghost." One could almost wish that Mr. Powell himself had been a little more generous with details in this story. Nothing is easier than to mystify by omitting to supply explanations; and the Reresby Ghost is too much of a cryptogram to suit the taste of an experienced student of the ghosts of fiction. It recalls Mrs. Carlyle's saying about "Sordello," for at the end one is still uncertain whether the ghost is a shark, or a crocodile, or a man in armour. It rings bells, which seems inconsistent with aquatic habits. On the other hand, it devours swimming dogs and ungrateful secretaries, to whom ancestors in coats of mail are not as a rule so partial. If Mr. Powell meant the gaps to be filled in by the imagination, we fear he will have many disappointments. If he wilfully withholds the clue, or has not one, that is mere wantonness. The reader finds himself in the position of the Reresby Mote boy who prepared stout fishing tackle with much labour, and dropped it into the water from his bedroom window, but of whose fortunes in the gentle art we hear not another word.

The Babe, B.A. By E. F. Benson. (Putnam's.)

STRICTLY speaking, Mr. Benson's book is not a novel. It is of the family of *Verdant Green*, but with this difference: that whereas Cuthbert Bede's college joke to cure the dumps kept its savour for several generations of undergraduates, Mr. Benson's pages will in a year or so mystify his readers. To-day it should be relished at Cambridge by third and fourth year men, especially at King's. *The Babe* is, indeed, a King's book, as all who recognise the original of Mr. Stewart will agree, and King's will laugh over it a little; and here and there, no doubt, a Freshman will model his life on that of Mr. Benson's heroes, so powerful is literature or so plastic are Freshmen. On p. 217 we find a passage which seems to give a clue to the book: "The Babe murmured something inaudible about there being no reason to listen; but, when pressed, confessed that he had been reading the *Green Carnation* and it had affected his brains." Mr. Benson's style suggests that he also has been reading the *Green Carnation*, and it had affected his brains. Mr. Stewart talks precisely in the manner of Esmé Amaranth in Mr. R. S. Hichens's squib, though perhaps less humorously, and there is the same atmosphere of gilt-edged paganism. By the Babe himself we are reminded both of Ouida and *Dodo*: his name and his prowess (he is a Rugby blue, and drinks Chartreuse out of a tea-cup) suggest the manner of the enchantress of the seventies; his speech is the speech of Mr. Benson's first heroine. Thus, if the remarks of *Dodo* concerning kidneys may still abide in some readers' minds, they will be glad to know that the Babe pursues the fascinating subject:

"Kidneys are not attractive to the eye, but the proof of them is in the eating. I eat them because they are so comfortable, as the Psalmist says. By the way, has Sir John Lubbock put the eating of kidneys among his *Pleasures of Life*?"

The book hardly calls for serious criticism. It clearly was written in high spirits, with the aim simply to amuse. We have found it amusing here and there, although never to the point of laughter, and the one serious chapter is, we think, quite the best thing.

Mr. Benson, with questionable taste, introduces living persons into the dialogue, and we notice a few inaccuracies—the Babe would not be likely to value Miss Cissie Loftus for her dancing and, Ranjitsinhji should be spelled correctly in a Cambridge book. The photographs of King's College Chapel, the Backs, and other places seem rather out of place, especially as the Babe somewhere says, "Hymns and photographs are so much alike. . . . They are both like Sunday evening."

Marm Liza. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Gay & Bird.)

It is a pleasant gift that Mrs. Wiggin has of sympathy with the helpless and the weak, and of engaging for them the interest of her readers. *Marm Liza* belongs to the class of congenital idiots, though her case is a

very mild one. In the hands of Mrs. Grubb, a lecturing faddist, a prophet of all the Anti-'s, she is growing up in body while her mind remains undeveloped. By good luck she and the tempestuous twins, the charge of whom is her daily responsibility, attract the notice of Mistress Mary, a charming young woman, the head of a sort of community devoted to the care of such cases. The story of Liza's mental growth under the intelligent and loving care of these maidens, which culminates in an act of heroism for the salvation of the tempestuous twins, is told with power, taste, and finish. The treatment of Mrs. Grubb is very effective but goodnatured satire, and the story throughout is accompanied by a ripple of quiet laughter.

Le Selce. By Ouida. (Fisher Unwin.)

ANOTHER variation upon the eternal theme of the Crucified; this time in Italian setting, a setting of gloom almost without relief. It is the picture of a peasantry degraded and insensible; lost to mirth, lost to religion, lost to love; cruel, ignorant, mercenary. Ouida writes of a woodland district, the property of the Gandolpho family, over which was set an Agent "from the North," one who had been cashiered from the Russian army for complicity in a Nihilist intrigue. His predecessors had been thieves and hypocrites, and therefore he, who "wished to make them less poor, but strove to make them more honest," was hated and went about his business in constant expectation of a bullet from behind the next tree. Muriella, the niece of two peasant rogues, alone had some inkling of Cyrille's righteousness, some sympathy with his endeavours. She had learned something of the lady from whom he was divided; and having learned to love him, she forgot to love herself.

"'Holy ones . . . I give you all I have. Grant him his heart's desire.' And she loosened from her throat a little agate heart. It had been her mother's . . . She laid it down under the silver lamp upon the altar; it was her only treasure."

So at the last, when he was making his final stand, alone in the deserted house, against the mob of ruffians which surrounded it, Muriella brought aid, and perished: the sacrifice was accepted. The tale is told with directness and simplicity; for the most part the author holds herself well in hand, and selects the essential with the unfailing instinct of the true craftsman she undoubtedly is.

Mr. Spinks and his Hounds. By F. M. Lutyens. (Vinton & Co.)

MR. SPINKS is a young man of more wealth than blood or brains, the son of an enriched hairdresser. Being blessed with sporting ambitions, he falls into the hands of some aristocratic blacklegs, and is variously fleeced. Among other things he is induced to become a M.F.H. Much of the interest of the story consists in the ingenious devices by which a dismissed

hunter, whenever a meet takes place, manages to draw the hounds away out of sight of the master and the hunt. Ultimately Mr. Spinks's eyes are opened to the rascality of his mentors, the old huntsman is taken back into favour, and the story ends with a wedding. Mr. Lutyens is not quite as happy as the inimitable and racy author of *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, Mr. Surtees, whom he makes his model; but we see no reason why this book should not be popular in the smoking-rooms of clubs, and in country-houses, where, we suppose, sporting novels are read.

Irralie's Bushranger. By E. W. Hornung. "The New Vagabond Library." (Neville Beeman.)

MR. HORNUNG always writes well of Australian life, which he knows thoroughly; and bushrangers are his specialty. In this story the question is, whether a certain seedy visitor to a distant sheep-station is in reality a bushranger or, as he gives out, the expected owner of the property; and the mystery is kept up well to the end. The girl Irralie, with her alternate suspicions of and confidence in the stranger, is capably done. But is it not a little improbable that a man who had knocked about most corners of the world would run the risk of being shot, and would leave a girl at the mercy of a desperate villain, merely out of fear of confessing that he had been "stuck up" on the road and of getting laughed at as a "new chum." But for this unreality, the story is exciting and attractive. But we wish that Mr. Hornung would give us less adventure and more of that serious study of character for which he has shown himself abundantly qualified.

Good Luck. By L. T. Meade. (J. Nisbet & Co.)

AT her best, Mrs. Meade can reveal something of the infinite pathos, the triumphant joys of which life is composed; at her worst, she is long-winded, and belabours the commonplace. In *Good Luck*, one of three recently-published novels by her, there is some strength and much weakness; a great deal that is merely pleasant, little, if anything, that is distinctive. The scene of the story is laid in the East-end of London, and though the author's insight into the joys and sorrows, the strange vicissitudes of the workers' lot is not profound, a happy touch here and there gives a sense of actuality. The figure of old Grannie Reed stands out from those of her companions. For many years she had earned a scant livelihood by fine needlework, chiefly by the wonderful feather-stitch which, as she proudly averred, had been in the family for generations. When trouble came, and her right arm lost its power, the hospital doctor told her she had writer's cramp. "Ef there is a mischievous, awful thing in the world it's hand-writing. I only do it twice a year, and it has finished me, my lad," she says pathetically. As to the plot, it is somewhat slender, and the end is foreseen from the beginning. Greater reticence and a more rigid economy in the use of words

would strengthen the book. Phrases such as "Alison's low reply was scarcely discernible" suggest careless revision.

Catalina, Art Student. By L. T. Meade. (W. & R. Chambers.)

If it is impossible to accept the dictum of a well-known critic that love is a delusion, introduced by dramatists and novelists to satisfy the taste of an emotional public, yet a book such as Mrs. Meade's, where love—in its restricted sense—plays no part, is refreshing. The story of the brave little art student is told simply and directly. A child in years, Catalina's swift intuitions, her dauntlessness, her power to act aright in an emergency, made her influence dominant in her father's house, where mother and sisters were of little use. The relationship between the old scholar and the young girl is admirably indicated; and the narrative of Catalina's successful struggles is told with spirit and insight.

A Woman's Cross. By Alice M. Diehl. (Digby, Long & Co.)

THE title of Mrs. Diehl's book is inadequate. It is not a single cross which poor Joan Burney is called upon to bear, but a thousand crosses, each one more terrible than the last, until, finally, the reader can scarcely credit the continued existence of a life so wounded, so mercilessly stricken. In her effort to write an intense narrative the author has defeated her own object. Sunshine is necessary to shadow; intensity ceases to arrest where all is meant to be intense. From the time, early in the book, when the hurricane breaks forth, the reader is borne along on tempestuous waves of emotion; if weariness does not come to his aid, if he follow with interest the hundred and one painful complications of the heroine's career, he is a fit object for pity. The characters themselves seem to be exhausted by the hurry and turmoil of events. Despite a resemblance to other stories of its kind, *A Woman's Cross* is cleverly conceived, but the author might have been satisfied to omit the Raymond-Douglas tragedy, resulting from "a certain delicacy in the use of their loved one's name," a delicacy in which, by the way, we cannot believe. To those who desire an incessant torrent of emotion, the book can be recommended with confidence.

Philippa. By Mrs. Molesworth. (W. & R. Chambers.)

MRS. MOLESWORTH takes small account of modern phases of thought; the storm and stress born of the fight for freedom, the thirst for new experience, do not come within her scope. In *Philippa* she concerns herself with an essentially domestic drama whose incidents, to say the least, are not fraught with large significance; indeed, the story turns on nothing more momentous than the heroine's well-intentioned freak to act as maid to her sister, when that sister goes on a first visit to some rich relatives. A thoughtful girl such as Philippa, moreover, would not permit the memory of ten days'

sham servitude to become an obsession; the situation is inconsistent, and as the motif of a book almost ridiculous. If she had poisoned her mother, the recollection could hardly have dogged her with greater persistence. No, we cannot believe in Philippa's life being blighted, well-nigh ruined, because, in order to be of use to her sister, she lived in the servants' hall for a brief time. There is much careful work in the volume which might well have been expended on a worthier theme.

A Study of Sex. By Paul Herbert (Lamley & Co.)

THE heroine of Mr. Herbert's story is a young lady "with no settled beliefs," who boldly discusses morality in the presence of men, and extorts a confession from one of her lovers by threatening him with the "physical magnetism" of his rival. *A Study of Sex* is not a study at all, but a chain of episodes vaguely related, and linked together by a series of feeble and irrelevant dialogues. Mr. Herbert has no idea of the unity and compactness which should distinguish a work of art: his characters work out their fates independently of one another—indeed the only one of substance, the tenor Wieland, after taking up half the book, dies without in any way affecting the ultimate issue.

Alida Craig. By Pauline King. (Elkin Mathews.)

Alida Craig is a healthy and pleasantly written story of a fast-vanishing type. Miss King has put her plot together rather carelessly, and she occasionally anticipates herself; but she makes no attempt to eke out her talent with the would-be clevernesses of the short-story school; her characters are amiable without being angelic, and her style is characterised by a simplicity sometimes rising to distinction. The "girl-bachelor" who gives her name to the volume is a charming creation.

Indian Gup: Untold Stories of the Indian Mutiny. By the Rev. J. R. Baldwin. (Neville Beeman.)

"WHY don't you write a book?" demanded Mr. Baldwin's friends. He has followed their advice, and has set the result afloat under the name of *Gup*, which is handy Indian for "gossip." Quite pleasant gossip it is, of a strictly correct kind; but with the sub-title before our eyes, it may be well to warn the reader that it has almost nothing to do with the Mutiny. Nor did the writer encounter any danger, unless from rough roads and half-broken horses (the memory of which adventures makes him terribly sorry for himself), and from a small pox epidemic, which he showed considerable presence of mind in eluding. It was not for this that he won the Victoria Cross—in fact, in spite of the heading of chapter vi., Mr. Baldwin is not a V.C. There is always a certain pleasure in reading a book that the author enjoyed writing, and Mr. Baldwin would seem to have enjoyed himself a lot.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Sense of Beauty: Being the Outlines of Aesthetic Theory. By George Santayana. (A. & C. Black.)

THE scientific study of aesthetics has lagged rather notably behind that of ethics. The reason is probably that whereas ethical theory has, indirectly at least, a not inconsiderable influence upon ethical practice, aesthetic theory has, on the other hand, very little to say to aesthetic production. Inspiration comes most readily to the artist in other ways than that of speculation upon the essential nature of beauty. Prof. Santayana's book, which is based upon a course of lectures delivered at Harvard College, is therefore a welcome addition to a scanty literature. He describes it as an "attempt to put together the scattered commonplaces of criticism into a system, under the inspiration of a naturalistic psychology." Prof. Santayana might, we think, be called upon at the outset to meet many metaphysical difficulties. A doubt might be raised whether the conception of "aesthetic value" is consistent with a naturalistic psychology at all, whether it is not rather one of the points from which an assault on naturalistic psychologies must take its start: and we are certainly unwilling to accept without protest the tendency shown throughout this book to treat the sensations or judgments of beauty as merely concomitants of more naturalistically explicable states of consciousness. But, granting Prof. Santayana his metaphysics, we fully recognise the value and acuteness of his analysis of the various elements of which our conception of the beautiful is made up. These he distributes under the three heads of "Materials of Beauty," "Form," and "Expression," and on each he has some penetrating and instructive criticism to offer. He stimulates us even where he does not convince.

Collectanea: Third Series. Edited by Prof. Montagu Burrows. (Oxford Historical Society.)

AMONG all our learned academies there is none more meritorious, either for the essential interest of its publications or for the scholarly care and accuracy with which they are put before the world, than the Oxford Historical Society. To it we owe Prof. Fowler's *History of Corpus*, Mr. Andrew Clark's *Register of the University*, and the same editor's admirable reprints of Anthony Wood's *Life and Times* and *History of Oxford*. May we breathe a hope that Mr. Clark will see his way to tackling the *Athenæ Oxonienses*! Almost more delightful are the occasional volumes of miscellaneous tracts which the Society has from time to time issued. One of these is now before us; it contains seven papers, of which four deal with mediæval subjects. Mr. H. E. D. Blakiston prints a number of documents connected with Durham College, an offshoot of the great Benedictine monastery of Durham, which once occupied the site of what is now Trinity College. Mr. Henry Furneaux edits some Latin poems referring to the famous "town and gown"

row of St. Scholastica's Day, 1355. Miss Toulmin Smith contributes a calendar of Oxford Petitions in the Record Office, and Mr. A. F. Leach a most valuable catalogue of the books given by William of Wykeham to New College. The remaining contents of the volume are more modern in their scope. Mr. C. E. Doble gives us some Clarendon letters from the library of the Earl of Derby. Mr. Horace Hart, the Controller of the Clarendon Press, details the curious experiments made by the third Earl Stanhope in the art and mystery of printing. And perhaps the most interesting contribution of all is that of Mr. S. G. Hamilton, who describes the solitary attempt at university reform during the eighteenth century—the foundation of the first Hertford College by Dr. Richard Newton. Newton was an enthusiast and a pungent pamphleteer. Unfortunately he over-legislated for his college and under-financed it; yet he had high aims, and his statutes and other writings contain much sound sense. The volume, which is edited by the Chichele Professor of Modern History, is enriched with some excellent illustrations.

The Indian Calendar. By Robert Sewell and Sankara Balkrishna Dikshit. (Sonnenschein.)

IN this country the calendar is—or, rather, seems to be—a very simple matter. Being based upon the solar year, it merely requires the adjustment of an intercalary day for leap-year. But the complications that may be introduced by a lunar year will be familiar to those who have ever considered "the several days that Easter may possibly fall upon." India, on the other hand, has not one calendar, but several, which are all founded upon most elaborate astronomical calculations. For ordinary purposes this does not cause so much practical difficulty as might be supposed, though it affords a good opportunity for display to native mathematicians. There are, however, two occasions when accurate chronology is of the first importance: in determining the dates of ancient inscriptions and of modern legal documents, in which latter class we may include the age of candidates for examinations. It is for use in these inquiries that the present work has been compiled. Of the joint authors, Mr. Sewell is well-known, not only as an active member of the Civil Service, but also as the most devoted archaeologist in Southern India; while Mr. Dikshit belongs to the gifted race of Mahratta Brahmans. Between them they have produced a work of painful research, which will be appreciated only by the small band of professed Indianists. The bulk of it consists of about 140 closely printed tables of figures, which exhibit the correspondence between Hindu, Muhammadan, and Christian dates in parallel columns. Prefixed to these tables is an introduction on the Hindu calendar, which is, unfortunately, written too much from the point of view of a Hindu. Incidentally, we may mention that the difference between "current" and "expired" years is precisely the same as that which has given rise to the question whether the twentieth century will begin on January 1, 1900, or 1901. Finally, we

should mention that the book also contains a table of all eclipses of the sun visible in India, from 301 to 1900 A.D., which has been prepared by Dr. Robert Schram, of Vienna.

German Social Democracy. By Bertrand Russell, B.A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) THIS is a book which should command the attention of readers who wish to know something of a movement which is unquestionably gaining strength in Germany, and is acting forcibly, though indirectly, upon English political thought. The average Englishman still imagines that a Social Democrat is a rag-a-muffin who wants to blow him up with dynamite and steal his cash box in the ensuing confusion, whereas the Social Democrats already form one of the strongest among the numerous groups in the Reichstag; while Social Democracy itself is "not a mere political party, nor even a mere economic theory" (we quote the words of Mr. Russell); "it is a complete self-contained philosophy of the world and of human development, it is, in a word, a religion and an ethic." Mr. Russell's book is, in reality, a collection of six lectures delivered by him in the early part of last year at the London School of Economics and Political Science, and is both a history and a criticism of the movement from the manifesto issued by Karl Marx, in conjunction with his friend Engels, in 1847, down to the election of 1893, which gave the Social Democrats forty-four representatives in the Reichstag. As regards the history, Mr. Russell makes a strong point of the materialism and fatalism which run through Marx's philosophic system, the belief in the inevitable concentration of capital, which must finally burst the economic integument and result in Collectivism, together with the elimination of all but economic motives for human activity. The criticism of Mr. Russell is as clear and also as sympathetic as his history. For he shows how the doctrine of the concentration of capital, which lies at the root of all philosophic Social Democracy, breaks down when applied to agriculture, and holds good, if at all, only in regard to industrial enterprise. And even here we may trace a movement in the opposite direction. For few economic changes in the last few years have been more striking than the change of large firms into large companies, and the consequent admission of the small capitalist into huge commercial undertakings. Even though this tendency be not so apparent so far in Germany, its existence in England seems to strike a fatal blow at the cornerstone of Marx's philosophy. We may recommend this book as a clear presentation of the strength as well as the weakness of a system which no student of social economics can afford to neglect. Nor should we omit mention of an interesting appendix, by Alys Russell, B.A., on the "Woman Question in Germany."

Thomas Chalmers. By W. Garden Blaikie. "Famous Scots" Series. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

THOMAS CHALMERS has impressed the imagination of his fellow countrymen. He was the foremost fighter in the great

struggle against patronage which led up to the Disruption, and the engineer of the Free Church Sustentation Fund. His memory is therefore dear to the members of an important religious body, and his reputation has almost won its way to the mythical. His latest biographer compares him with St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, for whom a Scottish parentage is claimed. To a more sober judgment he appears a man of remarkable enthusiasm and energy, a shrewd organiser, and a powerful if not very cultivated orator. He was a leader rather than a teacher of men, and one regrets that he varied the conduct of campaigns with the occupation of academic chairs. His lectures on ethics seem from Mr. Blaikie's account to have been singularly infelicitous in conception; and what shall one think of a professor of divinity who "was just beginning to know something of German philosophy when he died"? We doubt whether the life of such a man as Chalmers is best written by a partisan. A certain measure of sympathy is of course desirable, but with such detachment as may distinguish the biographer from the mere eulogist. And this appears to be imperfectly secured in Mr. Blaikie, who belongs to Chalmers's communion, and holds one of his chairs. His memoir is interesting and well-informed, but he sees the subject of it throughout in the heroic light. It is, moreover, a little irritating to have the spiritual work of a minister constantly summed up in pounds, shillings and pence. Thus,

"On his way to Glasgow he took Perth, where he preached a missionary sermon on a week-day, the collection amounting to £81 8s. In Glasgow he . . . had the great satisfaction . . . of adding four hundred to the sittings let. . . His six weeks in Glasgow benefited the chapel to the tune of £200. . . At Stockton . . . the collection exceeded £400."

All this is from two short pages, and reminds one of nothing so much as the professional revivalists in Mr. Harold Frederic's *Illumination*.

The Cathedral Church of Canterbury and The Cathedral Church of Salisbury. Edited by Gleeson White. Bell's "Cathedral" Series. (Bell.)

GRATITUDE is due to Mr. Gleeson White for these neat little green volumes, for, in truth, satisfactory guide-books to our great cathedrals are few and far between, and the traveller has too often reason to curse the enterprise and the stupidity of the local bookseller. But here he will find the fruits of a wide knowledge of literature and the allied arts, as well as a careful survey of what is by now, in the case both of Canterbury and Salisbury, a very voluminous mass of antiquarian literature. Mr. Gleeson White's information is well arranged and his illustrations are admirably chosen. In each volume he gives, first an account of whatever is known or conjectured about the history of the building, then a full and not too technical description of both exterior and interior, and finally a sketch of the fortunes of the see and of the bishops who have adorned it. The only fault we have to find is that there is no index—always a serious omission in a book, and especially so in

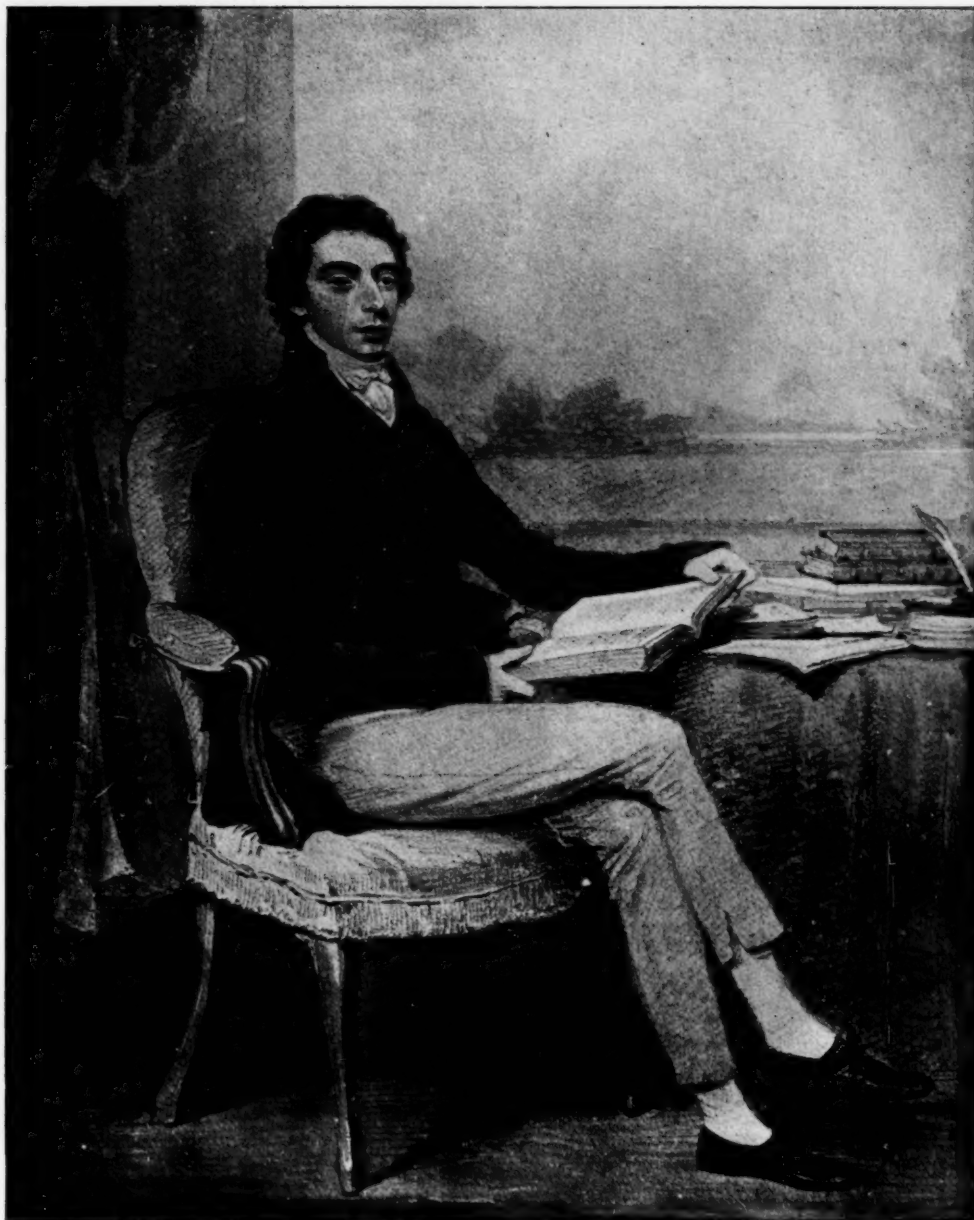
one the usefulness of which depends largely upon the possibility of ready reference. In all other respects these guide-books are as practical as they are well-informed. Mr. Gleeson White has been at the pains to study the best authorities, and has made judicious use of them. We say Mr. Gleeson White, but as a matter of fact we do not feel quite sure whether he has written the text himself or merely given a general superintendence to the series. No name appears upon the title-pages. We may add that the lettering outside runs "The Cathedral and the City," and is misleading, for as a matter of fact no account of the city is given in either volume.

Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm. Edited by Charles Merk. (Macmillans.)

As the English mind seems to have reached perfection in the sixteenth century, and the French in the seventeenth, so did that of Germany in the eighteenth; and the three giants of the age were Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. Frederick the Great organised victory for Germany's arms, and Lessing, beyond question the first critic of his time, did so for her literature. His keen, restless, unsparing intellect represents much that is best in, and most characteristic of, his countrymen. While *Laocoon* embodies the highest criticism, *Nathan the Wise* and *Minna von Barnhelm* take high rank as plays. Mr. Merk's edition of the latter is a piece of careful and thorough work. It is pleasant to come across a scholar who joins intimate knowledge of German literature to a fair English style, and uses both to give us an excellent school book. The Introduction treats clearly and with sound insight of Lessing's life and amazing mental activity. Mr. Merk has consulted the latest and best authorities, and is careful to acknowledge his debts to them. His analysis of the play is full and good, and does justice to brave, generous, lovable Tellheim, who is not unlike Thackeray's Colonel Newcome. The notes leave no difficulty unexplained, and, indeed, seem at times too full. We must laugh a little at Mr. Merk for his "penny and a half," for his incomprehensible "fall into his sword" (p. 16), and for a few other quaintnesses; and his English is occasionally ponderous. The book is, of course, got up in first-rate style, but we do not like the type used. It is less easy to read than, for instance, that of Mr. Colbeck's delightful *Selections from Heine's Prose*, an earlier volume of this series, and we think the change is for the worse.

Bishop Doyle. By Michael Macdonagh. "New Irish Library." (Fisher Unwin.)

JAMES WARREN DOYLE, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, is a remarkable figure in modern Irish history. By turns the associate and the opponent of O'Connell, he played a prominent and attractive part in the struggle for Catholic emancipation, and became the first of a long line of political bishops in Ireland. Personally he appears to have been a genuine patriot, high-minded and scrupulous, with certain quaint streaks of idealism that led him from time to time into unusual and, to the eyes of the



ROBERT SOUTHEY (AT 30)

From the Picture by Henry Edridge, A.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

1000

outer world, unintelligible courses. Thus it was as an interlude between his vigorous onslaughts on the Protestant propaganda of 1823-4 that he issued his famous letter urging the re-union of the warring Churches. This was no doubt the act of a visionary; but for the most part his political attitude, though uncompromising where needful, was that of the accomplished man of affairs. One may doubt whether Ireland has ever had a more straightforward or a more sagacious leader in her troublous times. And he preached reform at home as ardently as he claimed justice from abroad. He was a stern denouncer of outrage, a vigorous purifier of ecclesiastical remissness. His short way with lazy and slovenly clerics has in it something of the Celtic turbulence and the Celtic raciness.

"He frequently tore into ribbons, on the very altar, in front of the congregation, dirty or threadbare altar-coverings and vestments, and destroyed in like manner thumb-worn missals. On one occasion he smashed to atoms with a paving-stone a cracked silver chalice, from which the sacred elements were in danger of oozing away; and on another he stripped the straw-thatch from a mean chapel and prohibited Mass from being said there till it was put into a proper condition. . . . A curate once sought to extenuate his conduct in omitting to attend a sick call by declaring that he had no horse. 'Horse, sir!' exclaimed the angry bishop, 'and a poor soul at stake; you should have mounted a cow if no other mode of conveyance had presented itself.'"

Mr. Macdonagh's book is an admirable sketch of an interesting personality, and forms a noteworthy addition to the *New Irish Library*.

"THE LEPIDOPTERA OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS."
—Vol. III.: *Bombyces and Noctue*. By Charles G. Barrett, F.E.S. (Reeve & Co.)

MR. BARRETT'S monumental work makes but slow progress. One could almost wish that he had begun at once with those families of Micro-Lepidoptera on which a reliable treatise is so much needed, and which no one is more thoroughly competent to handle than he is. But at the present rate years must intervene between us and the *Tortrices*. For the minute care of Mr. Barrett's descriptions, and for the valuable information he provides, not only on structure and markings but also on habits, we have nothing but praise. Mr. Barrett wisely avoids any such revolutionary rearrangement of the accepted classification as that attempted by Mr. Meyrick in his recent ingenious treatise. Such a rearrangement can only be tentative in our present state of knowledge, and in any case ought to be done by a committee. On the other hand we should have been grateful to Mr. Barrett for a dichotomy such as Mr. Meyrick, and even in some measure Stainton, give us. Dichotomies are not perhaps highly scientific, but they are an incalculable boon to the field naturalist.

Undine: a Tale by Friedrich Baron de la Motte Fouqué. Translated by Edmund Gosse. With Illustrations by F. M. Rudland. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
This is an entirely new version of Fouqué's popular and interesting romance. Mr.

Gosse's skill as a translator is well known, and the amiable sentimentality of the German suits his style admirably. He has prefixed a brief sketch of Fouqué's life and a good critical summary of his place in letters. But the chief charm of the volume is in the drawings, by F. M. Rudland, which it contains. One knows not whether most to admire the command of technical resources which they display, or the essential beauty and decorative qualities of the design, or the sympathy with which the feeling and spirit of the story is interpreted. Without being in the least imitative, they just suggest, as is most suitable, the manner of the old German wood-engravers. If we must criticise at all, the figures are in two or three places out of drawing, and the subaqueous pictures please us less than the rest. But taken as a whole, the book is a most notable contribution to the achievement of the growing English school of illustrators.

"GRANT ALLEN'S HISTORICAL GUIDES."
Paris and Florence. (Grant Richards.)

MR. GRANT ALLEN'S variousness and industry are amazing. We have known him as biologist, as evolutionist, as poet, as translator, as philosopher, as essayist, as satirist, as journalist, and pre-eminently as novelist. In filling so many rôles one would have thought that his time was sufficiently occupied; and yet we now learn from the preface prefixed to each of these books that for the past thirty-five years Mr. Allen has been accumulating material on the spot for the series of Historical Guides, the first two volumes of which lie before us. By calling them historical Mr. Allen in part indicates their plan, which is to supplement rather than supplant the existing handbooks. In his own words,

"I desire to supply the tourist who wishes to use his travel as a means of culture with such historical and antiquarian information as will enable him to understand, and therefore to enjoy, the architecture, sculpture, painting, and minor arts of the towns he visits."

Looking through the volumes casually we notice the most commendable decision and charity of style, a helpful brevity, and considerable vigour of opinion. The reader must be willing to abide trustingly in Mr. Allen's hands. The publisher has furnished the guides with limp covers and markers, thus suiting them for pocket companions.

Fables and Fabulists. By Thomas Newbigging. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS is a cheap edition of Mr. Newbigging's essay. It has no claim to exact erudition or original research, but it gives a fair general outline of its subject in a popular fashion. The range covered is wide, from Æsop to Krilof. There is a fine want of historical perspective in the following sentence: "The 'Gesta' is a rich storehouse from which many poets, including Gower, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Parnell, and others have borrowed." Mr. Newbigging's indebtedness to the various writings of Mr. Joseph Jacobs is acknowledged on most of the pages, and is obvious on all.

The Dickens Dictionary. By Gilbert A. Pierce and William A. Wheeler. (Chapman & Hall.)

No novelist needs a dictionary (directory would perhaps be the better word) more than Dickens, for no novelist is so well known by patches. There are many persons, for example, who would never again go through *Martin Chuzzlewit* from first page to last, yet who yield to no Dickensian in enthusiasm. Of these, one will prize the book for Mrs. Gamp, another for Mr. Bailey, another for Mr. Pecksniff, another for Tom Pinch, another for Mark Tapley, and so on. The *Dickens Dictionary* directs the reader, though not perhaps with sufficient particularity, to the places where these favourites may be found—hence its value. At the same time there is still room for a complete Dickens Concordance based on a standard edition; say, the new "Gadshill" edition—for the authors of this work which seems to be of American origin, are not too thorough. For instance, they omit to mention Mrs. Harris! and their references, though not confined to characters only, are in other respects very meagre. The illustrative passages make the book interesting in itself.

Kidnapped in London. By Sun Yat Sen. (Arrowsmith.)

MR. SUN YAT SEN states in his preface that he feels he would be failing in his duty if he did not place on public record all the circumstances connected with that "historical event"—his detention at the Chinese Legation. This is a serious view to take, especially at a time when we groan beneath the burden of superfluous books; it is, we are disposed to think, too serious. But to those who are not yet sated with the Chinaman's experiences and the evening papers' elaborations thereof, this book may be interesting. To us it is not. Had Sun Yat Sen written it himself we might have found it so, but told in another's journalese it is not stimulating.

The Year's Art. Compiled by A. C. R. Carter. (Virtue.)

THIS is the eighteenth annual issue of a very useful work. After leading off with a retrospect of the art of 1896 by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson and its architecture by Mr. H. Heathcote Statham, the book becomes strictly authoritative and business-like. The full-page portraits of artists have been well-chosen, many of them representing just those men in whom students of the art of last year are particularly interested.

The Year's Music: a Record of British and Foreign Musical Events. (Virtue.)

THIS record of musical performances, publications, and occurrences during 1896 is issued by the same firm whose *Year's Art*, noticed above, is so admirable a work of reference. We cannot yet extend quite the same praise to *The Year's Music*, but there is every sign that it may in time develop as satisfactorily.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1897.

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THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN SCHOOLS.

A FEW years ago English literature as a subject of teaching had no place, or at all events no certain place, in our scholastic system. It is now very properly not only a recognised but an essential part of the instruction given in almost every school. And yet it is, I think, generally admitted that its teaching has somehow not been a success, that we have not made of it what we might have been expected to make of it. With other subjects we know where we are and what we can do, but here it is complained everything seems to be uncertain. The reasons for this are not far to seek. No one who has had extended experience as an examiner in this subject, and who has thus been brought into contact with the various methods and, by implication, various theories of teaching, can fail to be struck with the want of uniformity among them. In one school he finds himself requested to set a paper on the general history of English literature during a particular century or period; in another, a paper on Chaucer and Langland, including Middle English, or, it may be, on particular plays of Shakespeare, essays of Bacon, or books of Spenser; in another, a paper not on a portion of the work, but on the works generally of some English classic. And the diversity in the quality and character of the answers given is not less remarkable. In some they are obviously the result of instruction mechanically imparted and mechanically acquired—pure cram-work; in others, as obviously the result of superior teaching which has been far over the heads of the pupils, of an attempt to erect a superstructure where there has been no foundation. In others, again, the teacher's aim has obviously been to vitalise his subject by presenting it

sympathetically and eloquently, and the failure here is in solidity and thoroughness. Now in education all moves from above. What I have described has resulted to a very great extent, on the one hand, from that conception of the aims and methods of literary instruction which has found its embodiment in our academic system, and on the other from the reaction against that conception which is now happily setting in. I happen to have before me the regulations for the Pass and Honours degree in English literature of the London University for 1893. It is this:

"(1) History of English Literature from 1815—1833. Extracts from Sweet's Primer and Alfred's 'Orosius.' 'Sir Bevis of Northampton' (parts i., ii.). Scott: Essays on 'Chivalry' and 'Romance.' Wordsworth: 'White Doe of Rylstone.'

"(2) History of English Literature from 1833—1850. 'Beowulf,' Cantos xxxiii. to xliii. Specimens of Early English, ed. Morris (part i.): 'The Owl and Nightingale,' extract and moral ode. Tennyson: 'In Memoriam.' Carlyle: 'Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History'; the first three lectures. Macaulay: Essays on 'Addison,' and 'Madame D'Arblay.'"

In this extraordinary farrago the first thing that strikes us is the impossibility of forming even the faintest conjecture as to the principle underlying its constitution. Why the history of English literature between 1815 and 1833, or again between 1833 and 1850, when these periods, so far from marking epochs, intersect them? With what purpose are the particular works prescribed for special study selected? For their importance, historically, as illustrating the evolution of our literature? For the importance of their relation to the literature contemporary with them? For their intrinsic interest and value because they represent what is best, what is classical in the eras to which they belong? Let any person of common sense ask himself how such a course as this could possibly lead to anything but to confusion and smattering. Whether it be regarded as designed to encourage and secure a knowledge of the history of literature, or an intelligent acquaintance with its masterpieces, to serve the ends of positive instruction or to serve the ends of liberal culture it is equally absurd. To slice off a few inches of the human body taken casually, and to require a minute knowledge of their anatomical structure, and as the result of that knowledge to grant a diploma in anatomy, would not be more ridiculous than the principle on which the general history of literature is here treated. How far the careful study of the extracts in Mr. Sweet's Primer, of the "Beowulf," of Alfred's "Orosius," of "Sir Bevis," of the "Owl and Nightingale," and of the slovenly composition of Scott's essays on "Chivalry" and "Romance" is likely to conduce to the sort of discipline which we look to the study of literature to supply, is a question which these legislators have probably not considered. It is possible that their compromise with "culture" is represented by the introduction of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Macaulay's "Addison" and "Madame D'Arblay," and, to complete this grotesque conglomeration, Words-

worth's "White Doe." And what is the result of these regulations? Precisely the result which they are calculated to produce, and the result which such regulations always will and always must produce. Their appearance each year is followed by a series of cram-books. The period of English literature lying between the prescribed dates is mapped out in divisions and sub-divisions. The principal authors, with their chief works lead-lined, and with the scope and purport of each of these works condensed into a few words, are arranged in groups: two or three paragraphs epitomise their biographies, two or three paragraphs their "essential characteristics." The minor writers of any importance are enumerated and treated, though on a less extended scale, in the same way. By methods not less expeditious, and educationally speaking not less unprofitable, what is required of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English is made equally easy of attainment. It would be no exaggeration to say that a curriculum more adapted to defeat all the true aims of literary instruction could not possibly be devised. The connecting link between this system and the schools is afforded by the Oxford and Cambridge Higher Local Examinations, which, modified by the elimination of philology, are marked by the same features and conduce to the same end. A reaction against all this is now setting in, the effect of which is in some schools sheer perplexity, finding expression in timid compromise, in others the determined rejection of a bad system for no system at all. But how is all this to be remedied? It seems to me that the great mistake we make in the teaching of English literature in schools is that we do not teach it systematically; that we leave undefined and unconnected the natural stages in its progressive study, as well as its relation to discipline and culture and its relation to positive knowledge. The first would be obviated by dividing the period of school-life, averaging from the ages of ten to seventeen, into three stages—the elementary, the middle, the advanced—and by assigning to each period the instruction proper to it. In the elementary stage the sole object should be to get the pupil interested in such parts of the subject as can be rendered attractively intelligible, and to require nothing further in the way of serious effort than learning simple poetry by heart. During the next stage should be laid the foundation of the historical study of the subject—that is, of a knowledge of its evolution and of its relation to history, as well as of its appreciation as a means of discipline and culture. But what relates to its historical study should certainly be confined to the broad outlines, not extending to particulars and minutiae. If the teacher contented himself with showing that the development of literature is an unbroken process of evolution, that its division into epochs is justifiable only for purposes of convenience for study, explained what an epoch meant, divided our literature into the various eras into which it is susceptible of division, assigning the reasons for the boundary dates, as much would be done as is desirable. These eras and the

reasons for their assignation should certainly be committed to memory. What should represent the foundation of moral æsthetic and critical culture should be the getting by heart passages both from prose and verse which are sublime and noble in sentiment, or which exemplify most perfectly supreme excellence in the various phases assumed in composition; and to this should be added elocution. Not that odious theatrical falsetto which so often usurps its name, but good reading in the proper sense of the term—reading with sympathy and intelligence. Repetition is, of course, a prominent feature in school discipline, but it now seems designed only to strengthen the memory; how little is made of it compared with what might be made, how unsystematic, how injudicious often is the choice of the passages prescribed. To have by heart the gems of classical literature, whether in our own or in other languages, is to possess what may pass insensibly, or be developed by subsequent study, into critical standards and touchstones. At this stage it would also be proper to begin the study of some of the simpler masterpieces of our literature as well as to have instruction about the passages already learnt by heart. Here, too, would naturally begin grammar, syntax, and etymology, which should certainly include the elements of Anglo-Saxon. On these foundations the pupil passes from the middle to the advanced stage, and would now be past or bordering upon fifteen. Now might profitably be read some lively and pleasantly written history of English literature, such as, in the case of girls, Miss Anna Buckland's *Story of English Literature*; in the case of boys, Shaw's *Students' Manual*, Chambers's excellent *Cyclopædia*, or, under a competent teacher, Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Primer*. This would fill in the sketches commenced in the second stage. Every endeavour should be made to associate the study of literature with that of history, the pupils being taught to understand their intimate, their essential connexion—that they are indeed different manifestations of the same energies: the one being their translation into action, the other their translation into words—one of those obvious truths that seems never to be recognised. The pupil would now, or during this stage, be advanced in French, probably in German, and, if belonging to a classical school, in Greek and Latin. All these bear, or might be made to bear, on his English studies. Side by side with historical study would come the study of the works of particular authors, which though linked indissolubly with historical study may be regarded chiefly as the medium of moral, æsthetic, and critical discipline and culture.

The advantages of a system of instruction thus defined and graduated are surely as obvious as the fact that from a total disregard of such definition and graduation have sprung the unsatisfactoriness and inefficiency of so much of the teaching in this subject. The course of a particular study should proceed on the same principle as education as a whole proceeds. What is learned between the age of ten and twelve is preliminary to

what is learned between twelve and fourteen, while the instruction received at that age prepares the way for the age that follows. Suddenly to plunge a boy or girl into a play of Shakespeare, a book of Spenser, or a chapter of Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Primer*, without much preliminary instruction, is as absurd as it would be to plunge a child into logarithms before it had learned the multiplication table. It is by no means uncommon for teachers to proceed on the assumption—nay, to be obliged to do so—that knowledge which should have been acquired at earlier stages has been acquired, while it has not. It is of great moment that one of the chief ends of literary instruction should be kept steadily in view, and that is its relation to moral and æsthetic discipline and culture. To the Greeks the great poets were what the Bible is to us. But this side of poetry is in our teaching very generally ignored. How much, in the hands of a competent teacher, might, for instance, be made out of the *Fæory Queens*, the tragedies of Shakespeare, Milton's *Comus*, select poems from Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning. With the study of poetry might be associated with advantage the study of Sidney's fine and inspiring little treatise, the *Apology for Poetry*. And this leads me to speak of criticism, as an element in a curriculum of literature. No critical works should be admitted into it except such as are of classical authority or such as have received the imprimatur of unimpeachable judges.

In classical schools the study of the Greek and Roman authors should, as far as possible, be connected with that of the study of our own; for each would vitalise the other. Why with the Greek tragedies should not the class be reading in the English lesson Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, or Matthew Arnold's *Merops*, or Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*; with Homer and Virgil, Tennyson's *Idylls*; with Horace and Juvenal, Pope's and Johnson's *Imitations*; with Pindar, Gray and Collins; with Horace's *Ars Poetica*, Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. The same correlation might, in schools where Greek and Latin is not taught, be arranged with the works usually read in French and German.

If in what I have said about the definition and graduation of the study of our literature it be objected that I have simply urged a counsel of perfection, I can only reply that what I have suggested is susceptible of easily practicable modification. The point of importance is the eduction of system out of confusion, and the application of right theories and methods for what not only the most competent judges, but ordinary experience itself, have pronounced to be palpably wrong ones.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

"BALLOW" TO "BLARE."

WHEN a publication contains—as this, the second part of the *English Dialect Dictionary*, does—2,695 simple and compound words, and 267 phrases, illustrated by 13,295 references, criticism becomes a little difficult. On the other hand, quotation becomes rather easy; and we therefore propose to lay Dr.

Joseph Wright's colossal work under contribution, saying nothing more critical than that Part II. covers the ground from "Ballow" to "Blare"; that it is a monument of patience and pains; and that we are as much distressed by the number of inverted "e's" in the text as the editor and Mrs. Henry Frowde themselves must be.

To the ordinary reader, not an etymologist, the great value of such a dictionary is its raciness. Every word is from the soil, direct, before literature has had time to intervene. Every word was coined by some man or woman (quite as likely to have been a woman as a man) who wanted before all things to give expression to a thought or feeling. Hence they are always forcible and picturesque, and frequently onomatopoeic. The unlettered rustic, inclined to be censorious or descriptive, gets his words as he wants them the first time,—unlike the literary man, who must seek laboriously. Indeed, for the literary man who is weary of eternally ringing the changes on the old, old words common to all writers (for how few there are who essay neologism! and the revival of archaisms is perilous) Dr. Wright's columns are a boon and a blessing. Here is so little artifice, so much nature. Here the tired writer may rest and recuperate, as a City clerk rests and recuperates on the Margate sands. Glancing quite casually at these pages, he will find words so rich in quality that his conversation is likely to resolve itself into a mere device for their introduction.

For a teasing child what could be a better word than "belter-werrits"? "O deary me," says the Lincolnshire mother, "what a belter-werrits thoo art, bairn!" In Yorkshire the whimperings of a spoilt child are called "bessy-babishness"; and in Durham a woman of slatternly appearance is a "bessy-fruggam." In Kent they say "ban" instead of "swear": "He bann'd him to the pit of hell." In Nottinghamshire the willow-wren is called the "banky-feather-poke"; we find also "bash," for to hit; "barnish," for to grow fat; "baum-rappit," for an appearance or ghost (how the Society for Psychical Research would score if it changed its name to the Baum-Rappit Community!); "beggugled," for destroyed by mud or slime; "begrumped," for displeased; "belly-vengeance," for bad liquor, and so on. These are good, resonant, straightforward words, better far than the tame and faded locutions of the drawing-room. It is fortunate for the student of dialects that human beings are prone to threats and censure, for the best words seem to carry abuse with them. And hence, possibly, the exceptional richness of the letter "B," for our lips are always ready to begin a word with "B"; and when one is enraged and speech unpremeditated, the labials have fullest play. In Yorkshire, particularly, is the letter "B" esteemed, and there are few of the thousands of words collected by Dr. Wright for the "B" section which are not heard in their glory on the Dales.

Out of the total number of 13,295 references in this second part alone many are records of actual remarks made by villagers

and copied down by Dr. Wright's assistants; and these are the most interesting. The illustrations quoted from books never seem to have quite such freshness. Take, for instance, this use of "bang," a great word truly, in its sense as a verb meaning to beat, to surpass, to outdo—A Lincolnshire squire having asked a farmer some questions concerning the cultivation of land, received the reply, "Well, sir, God's seasons bangs all manigement." The same word is illustrated rather artfully by a Lancashire correspondent: "This dickshonary bangs Sam Johnson's o to pieces." Under "barber" (to shave) we get this sententious pronouncement from North Lincolnshire: "I alus barber mysen o' Setterda' neet ready for Sunda'. No real Christian iver barber'd hissen o' a Sunda', thoo knows that, thoo reprobate." The correspondent caps this with the following tale of iniquity:

"About forty years ago, Thomas Carr, a poor man, living at Kirton-in-Lindsey, called on the Rev. Robert Ousby, the curate, and said: 'Sir, I've heird a straange, bad taale aboot you. I know it isn't trew, but I want to hear you contradict it fra yer awn mooth. A man tohd me last neet 'at you alus barber'd yersen on a Sunda' mornin'."

Alas, it was true! In Cumberland to "bark at t' heck" is to wait outside the door, usually for a girl. Thus: "Jwhon Simpton goes efter Mary Wilson, and barks at t' heck, but she willent hev him." Another meaning of "bark" (the skin) elicits this fragment from Worcester-shire: "'The doctor says I've got no bark to my inside,' said a woman, who had been told that the coating of the stomach was destroyed." "Bellowses," the double plural of bellows, is common to most blacksmiths wherever they dwell, but the only poet who has used the word is probably the Exeter cobbler who advertised: "Here lives a man what don't refuse To mend umbrellases, bellowses, boots and shoes." In Somerset, "belong" has the inverted meaning of to own, to possess. A correspondent writes:

"For the question, 'To whom do these houses belong?' we should say, 'Who do belong to these houses?'—'Be you the ginlman, make so bold, that do belong to this here house?' At any fair or market it is very common to hear, 'Who do belong to these here bullocks?'"

Connoisseurs of tea who think they are acquainted with all possible brands may like to know of an old woman in Cumberland who said she had made her husband "mint tea, and baum-tea and Rob-run-by-the-dyke tea, but he wad hae nought but the real thing!"

Here and there Dr. Wright touches on ground covered by Messrs. Henley and Farmer in their *Slang and its Analogues*, now in preparation. Thus we find that that picturesque idiom of the streets and Halls of Variety—"Barney on the Crumpet,"—which most people take to be a piece of pure Cockney slang, is really an adaptation of the word "barmy," signifying silly, weak-minded, half-witted, common in Yorkshire and several other counties. Barm, of course, is yeast. Elsewhere, Dr. Wright, by the way, supplies cricketers with three words not too well known except in certain districts. In East Yorkshire, according to "J. N.,"

it was the custom to say "bamboozle" where we ordinarily say "slog" or "swipe." Thus: "If a bowler sent up a careless ball, the batsman was counselled 'Ti bamboozle it well'; and if he succeeded in driving it far away, whereby several runs were obtained, he was rewarded by cries of 'Weel bamboozled!'"

Again, in Ireland, and possibly Cheshire, a challenge to play a match is a "banter"; and at Winchester (but this is better known) a half volley is a "barter," and to hit one hard is to "barter" it. This word, however, is slang, finding its origin in one Barter, famous for his drives.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XII.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE fact that Southey's *Life of Nelson* has just been included in a popular series of English classics is not a proof that the public is interested in Southey. It is merely a reminder that there has been what is called a naval boom. As a matter of fact, no one at this moment is the least interested in Southey. It would be as though he never were, save that at school little boys and girls are still committing to memory "It was a summer evening, Old Kaspar's work was done," and are still being languidly amused by the "Well of St. Keyne," and languidly impressed by the fate of Bishop Hatto; and, in the British Museum, needy journalists in search of some gem of erudition with which to deck out a threadbare article are still aware of no better place to seek it than Southey's *Commonplace Book*. For the rest Southey does not count, except for the Nelson book, which is great; and for the fact that here and there one comes upon an adherent of the old school who will affirm, with much feeling, that for real salty humour there is nothing to touch *The Doctor*. *The Doctor*!—if Southey had but found time earlier to do more in the manner of that tremendous book how much wider his influence might be! But he was as hard-worked as any man of letters ever was, and his mind relaxed rarely. But *The Doctor* had geniality and blood, and was much more the work of a good man (such as Southey notably was) in a good humour than a zealous bookworm. A spice of the true Shandyan wit, which it strove after in vain, would have made it a living thing to this hour, instead of a splendid mummy. Southey's performances were never, alas! quite equal to his promise. No one has left behind so interesting a list of projected works.

Probably no poet of this century, once so considerable and popular as Southey, is now less read. His works are to be found in all representative libraries, but they are not taken down except to dust. *Thalaba*, *Roderick*, *The Curse of Kehama*—these no longer exercise their old spell; their day is past. Even *Madoc* has died—*Madoc*, "the best English poem," according to its author, "since *Paradise Lost*." Once, however, they sold in their thousands; and very properly, since the appointment added greatly to the vivacity of Lord Byron's muse,

Southey was made Laureate. His true work, however, lay not in poetry, but in study. The world probably has known no finer reader, not even Gibbon. Southey read the best of everything and remembered it: his store of learning was tremendous: he was bookman to the marrow. In his own words:

"My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day."

The *Commonplace Books* and *The Doctor* grew out of this omnivorous reading, and Southey's *Quarterly* articles are wealthy in a way hardly to be understood to-day. He knew something of everything, and everything of the literature of Spain. In 1840 Wordsworth called and found him in the library, patting his books affectionately with both hands like a child. It was the beginning of the end. Southey died, worn out with study, in 1843. No man ever tried harder to use his powers to the fullest with benefit to his fellow men.

Our portrait is from a pencil sketch in the National Portrait Gallery, very little larger than the reproduction. Southey was thirty when it was made.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL PRODUCT.

A REJOINDER REVIEWED.

To those who perused Mr. Ready's article on "The Public School Product" in a recent number of the *New Review*, we may commend Mr. Almond's "Rejoinder" in the January issue. Mr. Almond has perhaps delivered his soul somewhat copiously, and has bestowed upon us a disquisition *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* in education. Still what he says is worth reading; for, on the whole, what he says most schoolmasters think. But before proceeding further we must hasten to clear away a singular delusion with which Mr. Almond seems to be possessed. Judging from a remark on p. 85, he appears to be under the misguided impression that the term "public school" is confined to a certain class of boarding-schools, his words being "I know of no public school where the average stay exceeds four years." We have always understood that any school which is under the management of a governing body, and of which the headmaster is not the proprietor, but is an elected official, is a public school.

The evidence collected by the writer of the "Rejoinder" concerning over-pressure in Army-classes tallies with the report quoted at the recent Conference at Rugby as having been sent to parents by the master of one of these classes, in which he stated that he was preparing their sons for Woolwich or for Hanwell. On the other hand, Mr. Bowen, of Harrow, whose opinion on the question is of great weight, expressed himself in the *Times* of December 25 last as perfectly satisfied with both the quantity and the quality of the work prescribed for entrance to Woolwich and Sandhurst. Whether Mr. Bowen or the

coach for Hanwell be right it is hard to say; but however this may be, it is notorious that under the present system of selection, in which there is no real physical or personal trial, the Army does not get for its commissions anything like so serviceable or so good a stamp of lad as it might. It is likely that in the place of every boy who has been passed into the military colleges the headmaster of his school could have chosen another, who, with probably equal, if slightly different, mental powers, possessed far higher qualifications in regard to physique, energy, common sense, and talent for organisation. It may be admitted that it would be difficult, and it might be dangerous, to accept the principle of recommendation, and it is manifest that most of the above valuable qualities do not readily lend themselves to examination; but bodily vigour does. The Indian Forest Service exacts from applicants for admission a thirty-mile walk, and much noise is made over this trifling test. Most "crocks" could manage to struggle through one such tramp without revealing their "crockery"; but why not begin by making every candidate for the Army walk twenty-five or thirty miles a day for a week, and then by all means examine the knowledge and the intelligence (which are not the same thing) of the survivors? It is not easy to believe that we should lose many embryo Marlboroughs or Wellingtons by the application of this extra preliminary sieve; surely even the modern "scientific soldier" to be of any use must be a man in the completest sense of the word, and therefore, *inter alia*, must be of proved grit and endurance. Mr. Almond, like every good schoolmaster, is severe upon "lines" and "detention." It was the sentimentalist and the humanitarian who, with theoretically the best intentions, but with practically the most senseless cruelty, flouted the wisdom of Solomon and procured the substitution of these fiendish yet ineffective punishments for the natural and time-honoured birch and cane. Certainly neither master, nor boy, nor parent, owes them one pennyworth of thanks. That the rod was flourished rather too freely in former generations is no argument for its virtual abolition. We need not be either teetotallers or toppers: *manet sors tertia*, let us be "moderate drunkards." With the dictum that "from two to three hours is the average minimum which every boy or girl should spend in open-air exercise" we are in thorough agreement, and would add that in this country no weather is ever sufficiently bad to justify its being pleaded as an excuse for the reduction of that minimum.

The writer winds up with a vindication of the old classical training, and with a tilt at the tuck-shop. Doubtless both these institutions are safe enough; the classics stand in little need of Mr. Almond's defence, and the tuck-shop will suffer little from his defiance. The well-known medical officer of a great school has informed us that the constitutions of schoolboys and ladies require an amount of stimulation by saccharine matter that would be disastrous to the internal economy of the adult male. With the tenacity of her sex Dame Nature will

have her way; and, even though "tucker" be expelled with the proverbial pitchfork, Jones minor will get his brandy-balls from some inferior source, to the detriment of his digestion, and to the depletion of the revenues of his school—but get them he will. And, if the lollipop is strong in the consciousness of right, so, too, is the old classical training. Its enemies, moreover, are too unorganised, too mutually jealous, and too obviously second-rate to wreak it much harm. The chances are that it will stoutly hold its own for a very long time yet against the motley and internecine rabble of "modern subjects" that clamour around it. When the two Universities have been absorbed by the Extension colleges, and have been forced to bring their Schools and Triposes "up-to-date," and to grant their degrees for shorthand, book-keeping, and type-writing, then, and not till then, will the languages of Greece and Rome become defunct, and with them that higher culture which they alone can give.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE have received from Mr. G. F. Russell Barker a lengthy correspondence relating to an article by him on "Prosperity" Robinson in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and his quarrel with his editor concerning an interpolation. This correspondence, which is too long to print, we have carefully read, and we cannot come to any other conclusion than that Mr. Barker, though unfortunate, is wrong. The facts are simple. Mr. Barker wrote on Robinson and corrected the proof. The editor, finding what he thought an ambiguous passage, inserted a sentence. The sentence contained two mistakes, which a *Times* reviewer fastened upon. Mr. Barker was naturally disturbed and sought the editor, Mr. Sidney Lee. Mr. Lee was out of town for a few days. Instead of waiting for his return, and calling again and settling the matter in square talk, Mr. Barker made what we are bound to consider a serious mistake: he wrote to Mr. Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., the publishers of the *Dictionary*, disclaiming responsibility. This step was contrary to all sound journalistic etiquette. A contributor has to do only with his editor.

On the same day, unwitting of this letter to the publisher, Mr. Lee, within a few minutes of his return to town, wrote to Mr. Barker expressing regret for the error in the article, but pointing out that the responsibility should be shared by both. Mr. Barker replied by enclosing his letter to Mr. Smith, and Mr. Lee replied to that by the statement that owing to Mr. Barker having pursued so irregular a course as that of approaching Mr. Smith, he was compelled to remove Mr. Barker's name from the list of contributors, although Mr. Barker was at liberty to complete all articles already arranged for. Other letters followed, including one from Mr. Lee to the *Times* exonerating Mr. Barker; but the case was virtually closed at this point. We are sorry for Mr. Barker, but Mr. Lee, we think, has

acted as he was bound to. Mistakes occurred on both sides, but Mr. Barker's mistake was the more serious.

MR. BARKER, in submitting to us these letters, writes as follows: "I send you the enclosed correspondence between the editor and publisher of the *Dictionary of National Biography* and myself, thinking that it may be of some interest to those who contribute signed articles to dictionaries, reviews, and other works. In the letter which he was obliged at last to write to the *Times*, Mr. Lee, wisely abandoning his former contention that I was in part responsible for the blunder, says, 'In the course of editorial revision an error was accidentally introduced here into the article.' The word 'accidentally' seems a curious one to use, for nobody would suppose that Mr. Lee would purposely insert a blunder in an article for the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Yet he cannot mean that the sentence was 'accidentally' interpolated in my article, for I have good reason to believe that an elementary text-book on English history was gravely consulted by the learned staff before the sentence was inserted. What I really wish, however, to point out is, that the contributor never had an opportunity of seeing this 'editorial revision.' It was done after the proof of the article had been corrected and returned by the contributor to the editor. For my own part, I cannot see what possible right an editor has to alter a signed article without first obtaining the consent of the contributor, under whose name the article is to appear in print. But this is a point which Mr. Lee discreetly shirks in his letter to the *Times*."

THERE is a "dome in air" other than that which Coleridge would have built under contingencies readers of *Kubla Khan* will remember. *The Dome* now in air is a quarterly magazine of high aspirations, the first number of which will be published in March.

THE death of Mrs. Hungerford, the author of *Molly Bawn* and a large number of similar novels, will be regretted by the very extensive company of readers whom her stories have beguiled. *Molly Bawn* was as good as any of those that followed it; they had all the same vivacity of style and described very similar persons, and all were good-humoured and productive of good humour. Mrs. Hungerford was one of Mr. James Payn's discoveries. In America *Molly Bawn* gives place to *The Duchess* as first favourite. Two new stories from this busy pen will appear in the spring.

OUIDA's contribution to the *Westminster Gazette's* symposium on reviewing is very pleasing. She writes: "As there are not more than two out of every hundred books issued in England worth the paper they are printed on, it would be well if the Press gave more attention to the two, and none at all to the other ninety-eight." And she adds: "I think, too, that there should be no anonymous expressions of opinion. Anonymity lends a fictitious importance to journalists, as the wig and gown to an advocate."

MR. G. W. STEEVENS cannot be accused of any lack of thoroughness. He was sent to America in the interests of the *Daily Mail* to write descriptive letters of the country and the election. He wrote them, and wrote them exceedingly well too, and the articles appeared in the *Daily Mail*. Now they have been collected in a book called *The Land of the Dollar*, and Mr. Steevens reviews it himself, also in the *Daily Mail*. There is something pleasantly symmetrical about this proceeding. Mr. Steevens seems both to like the book and to dislike it, which is the right attitude for a conscientious author. In the end, he advises Mr. Balfour to give the writer a pension, and declares his opinion that a copy should be in every home and cottage, if only negatively to instruct the nation in literary style.

COPENHAGEN is just now being entertained by a quarrel raging between Ibsen and Björnson. Although Ibsen's son is married to Björnson's daughter, the relations between the two fathers have long been strained, and the publication of *John Gabriel Borkman* has brought the difference to a head. Björnson, it seems, believes the play to contain covertly a series of attacks upon himself, and he has publicly accused Ibsen of the same. There are passages in his life known, he affirms, probably only to Ibsen, which have been reproduced. A man does not often fit a cap upon himself with such pains. Björnson, it is expected, will reply in kind before long.

MEANWHILE the Scandinavia Press Bureau has sent the following emphatic message to this country: "We are authorised by Dr. Ibsen most positively to contradict the statement that he has aimed at Björnson in the play of *John Gabriel Borkman*. Dr. Ibsen further says that he never aims at real personages in his plays."

WE hear of the formation of a Dürer Society, for the purpose of publishing in a convenient and accessible form the rarer or more desirable works of the Nuremberg master, and of his German and Italian contemporaries. Dürer's drawings, as most know, have been published in Berlin by Dr. Lippmann, but his volumes cost many guineas, and the reproductions by Amand Durand and others are hardly more easy of access. On this ground alone there should be a field for the new society, which has already succeeded in obtaining special concessions from the authorities of the Louvre and other continental galleries, as well as from private owners of Dürer originals.

AN initial portfolio of Dürer reproductions is even now in course of preparation, although so far no attempt has been made to extend the privileges of the society beyond the narrow bounds of a small circle of artists and enthusiasts among whom the idea arose. We gather that among the special advantages enjoyed by the society is the fact that it can command practically all the best modern processes of reproduction, instead of being at the mercy of alien engravers and reproducers. It will be

interesting to see how a society constituted on these lines will thrive. The secretary, to whom communications should be addressed, is Mr. S. M. Peartree, 12, Chalcot gardens, Haverstock Hill.

SOME entertaining pages about literary beggars in Paris occur in *The Beggars of Paris*, a translation by Lady Herschell of the *Paris qui Mendie* of M. Louis Paulian. (Edward Arnold.) The complimentary poet is a recognised character in the gay, compliment-loving city. This is how he acts: "He leaves an envelope with the *concierge*, and says he will call for the answer in the evening. The envelope contains a letter and a piece of poetry—some verses which are, in truth, far from bad. In the letter the poet complains that he is hungry, and begs you to leave with your *concierge* 'a simple piece of bread, which will be received with gratitude and devoured with delight.'" The verses are always the same, and so is the result. "Men of letters," M. Paulian reminds us, "have hearts . . . ; every one of them will give money instead of bread."

M. PAULIAN knows one complimentary poet who stocks acrostics with the method and completeness of a large homœopathic chemist: "'You see, sir,' the beggar said to me one day, 'in our trade unforeseen things happen, one must always be ready beforehand. No doubt there are names, such as Mary, Margaret, which come more often than others. But every name is wanted sooner or later, and if I had not some Cunégonde, Perpétin, Monique, and Pétronille, written out beforehand, I should in a busy time, such as a Saturday, risk losing my gains.' By taking care to keep his stock of acrostics always complete, our man never misses his fee."

IN the belief that *Westward Ho!* cannot be too accessible, we extend a welcome to the new editions of the book which Messrs. Macmillan have just published. At the same time, it is a little bewildering to have three editions of Kingsley's romance in two months. First came the two-volume illustrated edition at a guinea; and now, with fewer of the same illustrations, comes a three-and-sixpenny edition in the "Peacock" series; and with it a shilling copy with eight of the same pictures. The artist is Mr. C. E. Brock, and we should think that few men's drawings have gone so far.

A FACSIMILE of a translation made in 1544, by the Princess Elizabeth, of *Le Miroir de l'âme Pécheresse*, Margaret of Navarre's poem, is to be published by Messrs. Asher & Co. The presentation volume, now in the Bodleian, from which the facsimile is made, was written and bound by the little princess, who was then only eleven. The binding of the original consists of ornamental filigree work of gold and silver wire on a ground of blue corded silk, with the initials K. P. in the middle of each cover. The dedication states, "therefore have i . . . translated this lytell boke out of frenche ryme into englishe prose: coynynge the sentences together as

well as the capacite of my symple witte and small lernynge coulede extende themselves. The wich booke is intytled or named the miroir or glasse of the synnefull soule." The dedication is headed, "To our moste noble and vertuous queene Katherin, Elizabeth her humble daughter wisheth perpetuall felicitie and everlasting ioye"; and ends, "From asherige the laste daye of the yeare of our lorde god, 1544." The editor is Mr. Percy W. Ames.

THE London Reform Union has just issued a penny reprint (and a shilling *édition de luxe*) of the address on "London: Mediæval and Elizabethan," which Sir Walter Besant delivered to the Union about six weeks ago. In his prefatory remarks, dated a week ago, Sir Walter gently replies to the strictures of his chairman, Lord Rosebery, who, it will be remembered, declined to endorse the adjective "beautiful" as applied by the lecturer to London. Sir Walter says: "I intended this word to apply to her in right of her qualities of enterprise, courage, and tenacity, which she still possesses, I believe, as strongly as ever. . . . I was not thinking at all about the buildings of modern London." This is, of course, an answer. But the outward beauty of London is considerable; sometimes it is intoxicating. It resides not, indeed, in single buildings, but in their aggregation and irregularity, their broken sky lines, their multiplicity of details; above all, in the haze which hides and softens and dignifies masses.

IN a few days Messrs. Methuen will issue Capt. Sidney L. Hinde's work entitled *The Fall of the Congo Arabs*. The book deals with the recent Belgian Expedition to the Upper Congo, which developed into a war with the State forces and the Arab slave raiders in Central Africa. Two white men only returned alive from the three years' war—Commander Dhanis and Capt. Hinde.

The Edge of the Orient is the title of a book of travel in the East, which Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. will publish in the course of the next few days. The author is Mr. Robert Howard Russell, who has penetrated into many romantic spots not easily accessible to the tourist. The volume is illustrated from photographs, and contains views of the private surroundings of the Sultan of Turkey.

THE *Antiquary* for February will contain illustrated articles on "The Proposed Peterborough Cathedral Restoration"; "Ramblings of an Antiquary at Hardwick," by Mr. George Bailey; and "Gleanings from French Churches," by Miss Sophia Beale.

FOR the edition of Carlyle's *Past and Present*, which will be included in the "Nineteenth Century Classics," Mr. Frederic Harrison has written an introduction.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & Co. are preparing a new edition of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spencer Wilkinson's *Imperial Defence*.

THE BOOK MARKET.

DR. NANSEN'S BOOK.

THE imminent publication of Dr. Nansen's book *Farthest North*, in which the explorer relates in full his adventures during his late expedition in the *Fram*, is exciting great interest. The sensational sum which Messrs. Constable are understood to have paid for the copyright has contributed to this, and there is the interesting prospect of the work being published on the day, February 6, when Dr. Nansen makes his bow to the Royal Geographical Society. Nevertheless, the public has scarcely gained a complete notion of the magnitude of the undertaking. The thirty-five thousand two-volume copies of the book which will form the first English edition, and which will be sold at two guineas net, are only a small proportion of the total output of the book. There are to be editions for Norway, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Bohemia, and, of course, America. These, together with the English edition, will probably bring the total number of copies to 100,000, and this takes no account of any supplementary demand.

THE work is divisible into three sections, of which the first is taken up with Dr. Nansen's departure and the life of the whole party on the *Fram* previous to the great sledge journey; the second portion relates the adventures met with by Dr. Nansen in the fifteen months of toil and darkness during which he conducted his sledge party across the trackless and obstructed ice-fields. A single picturesque fact will indicate the interest of this section. Travelling at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles per day, the doctor and his little party were never sure that the vast ice-field over which they progressed with so much pain was not itself moving at the same rate *backwards*, thus nullifying the grand object of getting nearer to the Pole. The third section of the book is mainly occupied by the story of the *Fram* in the absence of the sledge party, for which the diaries of Captain Sverdrup furnished the material.

THE book will be thoroughly indexed. The illustrations, numbering about 250, have been selected from over 1,000 photographs taken on the expedition; some of these being reproduced from the negative and others requiring the attention of artists. There will also be sixteen original coloured illustrations from chalk drawings by Dr. Nansen. We understand that these most interesting drawings were in danger of being lost to the world owing to the small artistic value modestly set on them by Dr. Nansen. But having been permitted to see the reproductions we have no hesitation in pronouncing them highly interesting and instructive. They carry one more than any of the other illustrations to those desolate ice-fields, the home of the walrus, with their boreal lights and few sunsets. The maps will be five in number, and of these three

have been made by Dr. Nansen. A fourth is Herr Julius Payer's map of Franz Josef Land of twenty years ago, which Dr. Nansen naturally wishes should be compared with his own, and the fifth is a map of the entire known polar region, made, we understand, with remarkable dispatch by Messrs. Bartholomew.

THE story of the actual writing of the book and its translation into English is interesting. Dr. Nansen has written his work at high pressure, amid every conceivable interruption from his friends and admirers, and from learned societies the world over; he has written it in Norwegian, and for the English edition six translators are responsible. Their renderings of Dr. Nansen's MS. have been revised by a well-known and accomplished student of Norwegian working in London. Dr. Nansen, we believe, found his sledge journey the most difficult part of his story to tell. His notes had necessarily to be carried continually on his person, with no advantage to their ultimate legibility. However, all these labours are now drawing to a close, and within a fortnight the two volumes will be in the booksellers' windows.

"BOUND BY ZAEHNSDORF."

A FEW days ago an interesting ceremony was carried out in the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields, under the chairmanship of Lord Rothschild. This was the presentation of an address in book form to Mr. Frederic D. Mocatta on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. The entire document, containing 8,000 signatures, was entrusted to Mr. Zaehnsdorf to bind. Many weeks of labour were expended on the volume, which is sumptuous to the last degree. It is in connexion with such events that the reading public hears or reads the name of Zaehnsdorf. "Bound by Zaehnsdorf" is one of the shibboleths of wealth.

Yet there is a delusion abroad which may be usefully knocked on the head. First, however, let it be remarked, in fairness, that the moral of this article may be, and doubtless is, applicable to other great firms of bookbinders. But the name of Zaehnsdorf heads the list of the craft in the estimation of all who are not over precious—for these the "Dove's Bindery"—and it was to Zaehnsdorf's that I went the other day to clear my ideas on *inexpensive* bookbinding.

For two hours of his precious time Mr. Zaehnsdorf pitted himself against my ignorance. What I have forgotten of all he told me and showed me would fill a book; what I remember will be sufficient for my purpose—which is to draw attention to the fact that great bookbinders who bind for rich men are also the best binders for comparatively poor men. Mr. Zaehnsdorf beamed when he saw my drift.

"It is my great difficulty," he said, "to get people to believe that we can and do bind books *inexpensively*."

"You mean, of course, in cloth?" I said, turning a doubtful gaze on the morocco and gold around.

"Yes; in cloth, in linen, or in buckram."

"And in what respects does your cloth-binding differ from the cloth-binding of books as ordinarily issued?"

"In this: ordinarily cloth-binding is *case-binding*. That we never touch. In case-binding the cover, or case, of a book, as you know, is made separately and then attached to the book merely by paper and glue. We re-bind thousands of such books in cloth, applying to them precisely the same constructive treatment as we do to our costliest leather-bound books. In this method the boards are laid upon the book itself and laced to it with hempen cord. The cloth covering is then passed round the whole, a leather label is fixed to the back, and you have a book which is as solid and, for practical lifetime purposes, as enduring as if it were in leather."

"And the cost?"

"The cost is small. Here is a complete set of Balzac's novels in octavo. We are binding them for a customer in Irish linen at two shillings a volume."

"Then a man who finds his favourite books getting infirm can bring them to you, choose his cloth according to his whim, and have them bound as solidly as the house of Zaehnsdorf knows how to bind a book, and at the price of two or three shillings a volume?"

"That is so, and we welcome such business."

I left the prince of bookbinders vowing that my Boswell, my Hazlitts, and my Jane Austens should renew their youth under his hands. They also shall be "bound by Zaehnsdorf."

SOME BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

OUR morning delivery of letters owes not a little of its bulk to secondhand booksellers' lists. It owes not a little of its interest to the same circumstances; and we shall occasionally jot down a few notes on the best catalogues which reach us. We comment on the following, selected from many that lie on our table:

MESSRS. EDWIN PARSONS & SONS (Brompton-road, S.W.).

MESSRS. PARSONS & SONS' catalogues are always distinguished by a number of important entries under the heads of Etchings, Engravings, and Drawings. In their present catalogue they offer a large collection of original sketches by J. M. W. Turner, Linnell, Hunt, Varley, &c.; including picturesque views on various parts of the Thames, with studies of the old wooden embankments, piers, landing-stages, coast scenes with shipping, rustic cottages, old sheds, studies of trees, old windmills, and a variety of other memoranda. Many of these sketches are named, and among them are to be found views of Bermondsey, Lambeth, Watford, Leatherhead, Millbank, Walworth, Edgeware-road, Brook-green, Chelsea, Twickenham, and Bayswater; in all there are sixty-eight original sketches from nature on grey and blue paper, mounted in a folio volume, and bound in half-russia. The price asked for this remarkable set of drawings is £200. Messrs. Parsons also offer the late Lord Leighton's copy (with his bookplate) of Goya's etchings, entitled "Los Desastres de la Guerra, coleccion de ochenta laminas inventadas y grabadas al agua fuerte." There are eighty etchings in the volume, depicting chiefly the horrors of civil war and revolution, executions, massacres,

murders, &c. The price of this folio is £4 4s. Ackermann's *Microcosm of London*, with Rowlandson's coloured plates (£12 12s.); Chippendale's *Gentleman's and Cabinet Maker's Director* (£13 13s.); Havell's *Views of the Thames*, with twelve copies of his water-colour drawings printed in colours (£4 16s.), and other sumptuous works are in the list. A separate catalogue of mezzotint portraits includes a fine proof impression of Sir Thomas Lawrence's *Master Lambton*; this is priced 30 guineas. For a fine proof before letters of Constable's *Vale of Dedham*, Messrs. Parsons ask 100 guineas—a price which every connoisseur knows is not excessive.

MR. E. MENKEN (Great Russell-street, W.C.).

Mr. Menken, who does business close to the British Museum, in a neighbourhood where learned bookmen abound, sends us a catalogue which includes many interesting items. The most unusual of these is perhaps a collection of American bronzes and engravings in celebration of the settlement of the American War of Secession. It contains fine medallion portraits of Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, and others. The whole is described as the only specimen that has been put on the English market, and is priced at 15 guineas. Mr. Menken also offers a complete and perfect copy of the *Antiquities of Herculeum and Pompeii* (Le Antichità di Ercolano), published in Naples at £250, for 10 guineas. Glancing through other pages we note a copy of Richard Brathwaite's *The English Gentleman and Gentlewoman*, with a Ladies' Love Lecture and a Supplement lately annexed, and entitled 'The Turtle's Triumph' (1641), 18s. 6d.; *A Lyttel Parcel of Poems and Parodies in Prayses of Tobacco*, containing divers conceited Ballades and Pithy Sayings, all newly collected and emprinted by W. Hamilton (1889), 7s. 6d.; Cotton Mather's *Essays to Do Good*, addressed to all Christians whether in Public or Private Capacities (1807), 5s. 6d. The list is specially strong in books on ancient guilds and on London, those under the latter head including a copy of the *Modern History of the City of London*, by Mr. Charles Welch (Librarian to the Corporation). This work, quite recently issued, is out of print, only sufficient copies having been printed to supply the subscribers.

MESSRS. JAGGARD & Co. (Liverpool).

This firm's catalogue, bearing as its motto the Shakespearian quotation, "Here's the book I sought for so," is naturally rather rich in Lancashire books. We note Butterworth's *History and Description of Ashton-under-Lyme* (15s.), Pilkington's *History of the Lancashire Family of Pilkington* (£2 2s.), Roby's *Traditions of Lancashire* (4s.), and other local works. Messrs. Jaggard also offer a number of works on Freemasonry, and a quantity of Ruskiniana and Thackerayana. A copy of the "Breeches" Bible "Imprinted by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, 1595," folio, with quaint woodcuts, is offered at 30s.; and there is additional attraction in the fact that this volume belonged to a branch of Sir Isaac Newton's family. For £3 3s. the collector is also offered early editions of some of Goldsmith's work, described as follows: "The Deserted Village," 1775; "The Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society," 1770; "Retaliation, including Epitaphs on Distinguished Wits," 1774; first edition, vignette portrait, together 3 vols. in 1, 4to, cloth boards, rare, £3 3s."

MR. FRANK MURRAY (Nottingham).

Mr. Murray's catalogue is leavened with musical, occult, and medical books. Under the first heading we find something like 200 books listed; among them occurs the following entry, interesting not only to musicians, but to Johnsonian and eighteenth century students: "Burney (Dr. Charles) *General History of Music, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Period*, 1789, 4 vols., 4to, with fine portrait (mounted) and illustrations by Bartolozzi, &c., vol. iii., a little stained, half-morocco, gilt, scarce, £3 3s." This copy was bought at Sir John Goss's sale. Under occult we

have a copy of Lilly's *Astrology*, 1647, small quarto, in old leather binding, offered at 12s. 6d. In the medical list occurs Gerard's *Herbal*, 1633, in folio, with many illustrations, in old rough calf binding, price £2 10s.

MR. GEORGE GREGORY (Bath).

Mr. Gregory's list is printed handsomely on quarto pages, and somehow suggests old Bath. We note "a unique set of Buffon" in 127 vols., in morocco binding, nearly contemporary with publication. This set is offered at £50. There is a fine old-world flavour about the following entry: "*Gambado's Academy for Grown Horsemen*, containing the completest instructions for walking, trotting, cantering, galloping, stumbling, and tumbling," with portrait and eleven other inimitable coloured caricature plates by Bunbury (London, Stockdale, 1812); also *The Annals of Horsemanship*, by Geoffrey Gambado, accidents and experimental accidents, successful and unsuccessful, communicated by his various correspondents, and now first published, with 17 splendid coloured caricatures by H. Bunbury, first edition, 1812, 4to, original paper boards, with printed labels on sides, on which the prices of each volume are stated as "plain, 21s.; coloured, 42s.," the 2 vols. in immaculate, clean, and perfect condition, price £10." Mr. Gregory offers a very large stock of bound volumes of magazines, reviews, and periodicals.

MESSRS. DRAYTON & SONS (Exeter).

This West country firm issues a neat catalogue of twenty pages containing not a few interesting items. Works on Devonshire and Cornwall fill one page, and include Gribble's *Memorials of Barnstaple* (7s. 6d.); Carew's *Survey of Cornwall* and *An Epistle Concerning the Excellences of the English Tongue*, quarto, 1732 (7s. 6d.); and Wright's *West Country Poets* (10s. 6d.). The general contents of this catalogue are very varied. We notice Howitt's *Rural Life of England and Rural and Domestic Life of Germany*, with some woodcuts by Bewick, in two 8vo vols., price 15s. A complete set of William Hume's works, comprising the *Every-Day Book* (2 vols.), *Year Book*, and *Table Book* are temptingly offered by Messrs. Drayton at 16s. The prices in this catalogue strike us as particularly low throughout.

MR. HORACE G. COMMEN (Bournemouth).

From sea-side, pine-scented Bournemouth comes a list in which standard works and library editions are conspicuous. The eight published volumes of Pepys's *Diary*, edited by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, are offered, in the uncut library edition, at six guineas, this price including the ninth volume when it appears. For the same price Prescott's complete works are offered in sixteen volumes, with 192 full-page plates, of which many are on Japanese paper. Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, in twelve volumes (1845); the *Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots*, in two volumes (1845); and the *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and the English Princesses* are offered by Mr. Commen at £4 7s. 6d. The high premium which is now placed on back numbers of *The Studio* is illustrated by the following entry: "*The Studio: An Illustrated Magazine of Fine and Applied Art*, from its commencement to September, 1896, fully illustrated throughout, 8 vols., imp. 8vo, in the original numbers as issued, with title-pages and indexes complete, very scarce, £6 15s. 1893-6." Here is an item with a fine old crusted flavour: "Reynolds (Richard). A Chronicle of all the Noble Emperours of the Romans, from Julius Cæsar, orderly to this most victorious Emperour Maximilian, that now governeth, with the Great Warres of Julius Cæsar and Pompeius Magnus, setting forth the Great Power and Divine Providence of Almighty God in preserving the Godly Princes and Common wealthes." Black Letter, engraved title-page, and numerous rude woodcut portraits, small 4to, polished calf, gilt. Rare, £2 10s. "Imprinted at London, in Fletestreate, neare to Saint Dunstone's Church, by Thomas Marshe—Anne Domini, 1571." First and only edition of this curious and scarce book. The Townley copy sold for £4 14s. 6d.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

ONE of the most interesting books of the week is Messrs. George Bell & Sons' reprint of the Early Essays of John Stuart Mill. The editor, Mr. J. W. M. Gibbs, gives the history of the articles in a preface. Such of these essays as have appeared in book form before are out of print; others appear in a volume for the first time. Mr. Gibbs justly remarks that of all these essays "the two that will probably have most general interest are the reviews of Tennyson's *Poems* and Carlyle's *French Revolution*." Indeed, the middle section of the book containing, besides these essays, the two entitled "What is Poetry?" and "The Two Kinds of Poetry," may be considered the cream of the book on a first uncritical glance.

Another important arrival is the fourth, and final, volume of *The Life and Works of Robert Burns*, edited by Robert Chambers, and re-edited by William Wallace (W. & R. Chambers). The volume is larger than any one of its predecessors. Mr. Wallace makes his bow and tenders his thanks to all who have helped him in this enterprise. "No effort," Mr. Wallace says, "has been spared to make the Indexes at once exhaustive and convenient for purposes of reference."

In fiction we have a novel by Mr. G. S. Street, called *The Wise and the Wayward* (John Lane), and *Madge o' the Pool*, and *Other Tales*, by William Sharp (Constable). The "Pool" is the Thames Pool. Mr. Sharp may be presumed to have studied the Pool life at those close quarters which are demanded now of a story writer. Opening the book at a venture, we read: "Many of the Poolites haunt holes and corners in the neighbourhood of Horsleydown Stairs. Some have their lair in old boats, or among rotten sheds or wood piles; others are as homeless and as unpleasant and as fierce as dung-beetles."

Other books whose titles at once excite interest are *Essays*, by the late George John Romanes (George Bell & Sons); *History in Fact and Fiction*, by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning (Smith, Elder); *On the Nile with a Camera*, by Anthony Watkin (T. Fisher Unwin); and *The Ruined Cities of Ceylon*, by Henry W. Cane (Sampson, Low).

THEOLOGY.

THE PROPHECIES OF JESUS CHRIST. By Dr. Paul Schwartzkopff. Translated by Rev. Neil Buchanan. T. & T. Clark. 5s.

THE STUDENT'S LIFE OF JESUS. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D. Chicago Theological Seminary.

HISTORY.

HISTORIC BUBBLES. By Frederic Leake. Suckling & Galloway.

TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS OF THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES IN NEW FRANCE, 1610-1791. Vol. II. Edited by R. G. Thwaites. The Burrows Brothers Company (Cleveland, U.S.A.)

EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGE. By Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D., and Ferdinand Schwill, Ph.D. John Murray. 6s.

HERODOTUS. The Text of Canon Rawlinson's Translation, with the Notes abridged. By A. J. Grant, M.A. 2 vols. John Murray. 12s.

HISTORY IN FACT AND FICTION. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. Smith Elder. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

BENJAMIN JOWETT, MASTER OF BALLIOL. By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. Third Edition. Edward Arnold
PIUS THE SEVENTH, 1800-1823. By Mary H. Allies. Burns & Oates, Ltd. 5s.

SCIENCE.

IS NATURAL SELECTION THE CAUSATOR OF SPECIES? By Duncan Graham. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

SUMMER DAYS FOR WINTER EVENINGS. By J. H. Crawford. John Macqueen.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

ON THE NILE WITH A CAMERA. By Anthony Wilkin. T. Fisher Unwin. 21s.

WITH THE JUNGLE FOLK. By E. D. Cuning. Osgood, McIlvane & Co. 10s. 6d.

THE RUINED CITIES OF CETOLOX. By Henry W. Cane, M.A. Sampson Low.

FICTION.

MADGE O' THE POOL. By William Sharp. Archibald Constable & Co.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD. By Neale Fyne. Henry J. Drane. 3s. 6d.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. Hurst & Blackett.

THE LAST RECRUIT OF CLARE'S. By S. R. Keightley. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

THE WISE AND THE WAYWARD. By G. S. Street. John Lane.

DAYSPRING. By Emma Marshall. Home Words Publishing Office. 6s.

BY A WAY THEY KNEW NOT. By George Trobridge. James Spira.

THE SCHOLAR OF BYGATE. By Algernon Gissing. 3 vols. Hutchinson & Co.

SISTER JANE. By Joel Chandler Harris. Archibald Constable & Co.

GOD'S FAILURES. By J. S. Fletcher. John Lane.

THE LINES LIBRARY: A TRAGEDY OF TEMPERAMENT. By E. Haslingden Russell. Cheshire & Co. (Liverpool).

THE BLACKGUARD. By R. Pocock. Neville Beaman.

WESTWARD HO! By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. The same with eight illustrations by Charles E. Brock. 1s.

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES. By Archie Armstrong. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by Robert Chambers. Vol. IV. W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

ESSAYS. By George John Romanes. Edited by C. Lloyd Morgan. Longmans, Green & Co.

A TREASURY OF MINOR BRITISH POETRY. By J. Churton Collins, M.A. Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.

THE SENTIMENTAL VIKINGS. By R. V. Risle. John Lane. 2s. 6d.

MARTIN BELLS, AND SCARLET AND GOLD. By "F. Harald Williams." The Roxburghe Press. 6s.

THE WARWICK SHAKESPEARE: CYMBELINE. Edited by Alfred J. Wyatt, M.A.—THE TEMPEST. Edited by Frederick S. Boas, M.A. Blackie & Son.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EARLY ESSAYS BY JOHN STUART MILL. Edited by J. W. M. Gibbs. George Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.

ADDRESSES AND PAPERS. By Edward L. Pierce. Edited by A. W. Stevens. Roberts Brothers (Boston).

CATALOGUE OF THE COINS OF THE INDIAN MUSEUM. Parts III. and IV. By Chas. J. Rodgers, M.R.A.S. Calcutta: Indian Museum.

THE BURGERS OF PARIS. Translated from the French of Louis Paulian. By Lady Herschell. Edward Arnold.

CATALOGUE OF WEST HAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

COACH-BUILDING. By John Philipson. George Bell & Sons. 6s.

THE HIDDEN LIVES OF SHAKESPEARE AND BACON. By W. G. Thorpe, F.S.A. For the Author at the Chiswick Press.

FOREIGN.

GRUNDRISS DER INDO-ARISCHEN PHILOGIE UND ALTERTUMSKUNDE. Von Georg Bühler. Strassburg: Verlag von Karl J. Trübner.

GESCHICHTE DER ISLÄNDISCHEN GEOGRAPHIE. Autorisierte Uebersetzung von August Gebhardt. Leipzig: Druck und Verlag von B. G. Teubner.

DICTIONNAIRE ARGOT-FRANÇAIS AND FRANÇAIS-ARGOT. Par Georges Delesalle. Ollendorf, Editeur.

POLYBIBLION: REVUE BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE UNIVERSELLE. (Janvier.) Paris.

LE ROI DAVID. Par Marcel Dieulafoy. Paris: Hachette.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA RIVISTA DI SCIENZE. Roma.

PERIODICALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

THE PORTFOLIO: ALBERT DURER'S PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS.

THE LOTUS.

THE HUMANITARIANS.

AN IMPRESSION.

LYME REGIS would hardly have lived in literature but that one of Miss Austen's heroines sprained her ankle there, jumping off the Cobb. They were not athletic, those young ladies who had the felicity to become our great-grandmothers. Yet you shall not pass through the streets of the little town, under its mimic Guildhall and along its toy harbour, without the authentic thrill of Elizabethan poetry. It is of that jolly seaboard where dwelt the buccaneers who whipped the Armada. To reach it you must pass Sherborne Castle, which Raleigh once held, and which became the booty of some court parasite at his disaster. At this day these coasts of Devon and of Dorset have a half foreign look about them, as if here for once England learned to be less insular, and held forth friendly hands to other countries across the main. Who was the boy with black eyes and olive skin who looked out just now from yonder cottage window? Was it that some three centuries ago a Spanish prisoner lost his heart to a maid beneath a hedge of Devon, wild-rose-hung. Or was it a Devon sailor who brought back the silent Spanish wife to share his home with green paroquets and ivory and quaint sea-spoils? And down in the market-place this morning there was a Breton peasant, in his blue blouse, and with his broken speech, trying to sell the strings of golden onions that dangled from his stick. What comings and goings these quiet inlets have seen, since first the strange prows of the Phœnician traders broke into the unknown seas. And whither shall we sail then, in what galleon and to what port? Yester-eve, just as the sun went down, a quite new world broke into sight, a mysterious headland, darkly outlined against the background of crimson flame. The fishermen told us it was Berry Head, away beyond Torquay. But I will swear it was the Hesperides.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. MARCEL PRÉVOST's new book, *Le Jardin Secret*, is not only poetically, but most felicitously named. Though the novel runs on the eternal theme, adultery, with its base-nesses, its inevitable shocks and deceptions, the book is a strikingly original, pondered, and grave one. The objectionable flavour of M. Prévost's other novels is eliminated, and here he gives us a profound interior drama told in the first person, without shady scenes or suggestive details. It is at once closer and broader work than anything else the author has done. Certainly these modern Frenchmen, from M. Bourget down, have made the most astonishing, strenuous, and subtle study of feminine character, and that elusive organ the feminine Parisian heart. Just or untrue, M. Prévost in the line he has chosen is unsurpassed. What sorry dolls, what unintelligent, unrevealed entities, the women of our own English novelists, excepting those of George Eliot and Mr. Meredith, seem besides the least interesting, the least studied of these French women in modern fiction. It is impossible to name a single

recent novel in England that approaches such a book as *Le Jardin Secret* in intellectual and psychological value.

The style is clear and strong; without charm, however, but admirably adapted to the subject. The confession and self-revealings are those of a comfortable bourgeoisie, who, wearied of the colourless life of a teacher, and jilted by a pupil's cousin, marries for a home and a place in the social system. The diary which leads us into her soul's secret garden opens with the event of her husband's departure in quest of a provincial inheritance. The disquietude that follows a disturbed routine, and the fragmentary working of a brain long unused to solitude and thought, make a seizing start, and while painting the woman as she is, evoke the violent and ambitious young girl she has replaced with a surety of touch no less remarkable than real. It is ruthless, a little brutal, as might be expected from the author of *Demi-Vierges*.

In her husband's absence, through his keys forgotten in his drawers, she discovers his duplicity and infidelities, and this leads to her employment of the secret inquiry office and half-formed project of divorce. Here is the great point in a sober and masterly study of a complex character, and a vulgar situation dignified and enlarged by accurate and profound observation, by original and momentous analysis, by a fineness of perception, a subtlety, and an honesty, a directness of treatment that only a French artist seems capable of.

Consideration of so desperate a step as divorce for the bourgeoisie, who clings by temperament as well as taste to home and habits, forces Marthe to look deep down into her own conscience and bring up to light every tarnished memory, every unavowable impulse and desire. Such an examination of conscience as she so severely submits herself to requires an intelligence no less unusual than a deliberateness of purpose and mind. Remembrance is apt to be so fragmentary and inconclusive, and the most honest person in the world is scared by a positive confrontation with past error and small frailties. Not so this extremely intelligent and sincere bourgeoisie. The passionate crisis of her girlhood and the kisses of her betrothed, concealed from her husband, are evoked as attenuating evidences in favour of his duplicity. If he has his secret garden—more vulgarly planted than hers—she, too, has her secretive corner, into which he cannot penetrate. All his concealments and lies are duplicated by hers. Besides his epileptic uncle there is her father, charged with embezzlement, both facts scrupulously concealed on either side. Against his mistresses she places her flirtations; and M. Prévost makes no secret here, as well as elsewhere, of his violent prejudice against a form of amusement borrowed from foreign races. Flirtation he frankly calls a vice, comprised of coquetry, evil desire, and the need of a little inconsequent romance in daily life—"a sentimental intoxication"; and further on, more fiercely still, in an admirable untranslatable phrase one would wish all silly girls who regard flirtation as an innocent and genial pastime between the sexes to

study and fully understand: "Le frémissent de l'impur effleuré, respiré," so falsely decorated with pretty and sentimental names by our own more indulgent and less honest novelists.

Looking round her room, and picking out familiar objects, she ends her long and solid argument against divorce, which means disorder, broken home, and injured child:

"To a stranger it may be ugly and worthless, but for me it is priceless. I love it ardently, because I dreamed a moment of dispersing and destroying it. All that means home, and I will not break up my home. . . . I abandon retaliation, I accept destiny. I have touched the bottom of the abyss, conscience, and risen again to the surface. I have found therein, relatively, the same weaknesses and secrets that shocked me in my husband."

Beneath these daily lies of double life she finds something else besides selfishness: human mercifulness, a sort of humble charity. The ideal of marriage transcends the moral infirmity of mankind:

"Parasite herbs or poisonous plants, what wife, what husband has not a 'secret garden' into which the other never penetrates, into which he must not penetrate under pain of destroying the home?"

Such is the conclusion of this remarkable study, rather than novel. Not a noble one, perhaps, but founded on solid sense.

H. L.

FRENCH BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Le Jardin Secret. Marcel Prévost.

L'Orme du Mail. Anatole France.

Le Trésor d'Arlatan. Alphonse Daudet.

NEW YORK LETTER.

(From our American Correspondent.)

THE great boom of Marie Corelli is probably of more astounding proportions in America than in her native land, for her denunciations of the critical craft do not include our newspaper reviewers, who are on the whole an unexact and appreciative brood, and have welcomed Miss Corelli with serious praise or mild chaff. There are no satirical papers here to break an author's heart. The publishers have the most respectful regard for Miss Corelli, for she makes more than the fleeting fame of the season—she makes money. We must have had half-a-dozen novels from Miss Corelli during 1896.

A good deal of curiosity has been awakened in literary circles here over a little volume, entitled *Lyrics of the Lovely*, published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The author, Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, is the pioneer poet of the African Americans. In his veins flows the purest and bluest of black blood. This is all the more surprising, as the complacent white race has always held to the theory that the negroes are degenerating in civilisation, and the only chance of any development of the higher faculties will come from the admixture of blood, which is so common a feature of life in the slums of the Northern cities; but Mr. Dunbar is

a full-blooded negro. His father and mother were both slaves, but were afterwards freed by the events of the Civil War. Although the poet himself was born free, he was born under all the disadvantages of his race, in poverty, and under the cloud of prejudice, which is almost as strong to-day in the North as before the war. The father had a strong love for reading and music, and his mother a passion for poetry, the germ of which she no doubt transmitted to her son. This fact alone is significant, and strengthens a belief in some latent powers and faculties in the negro race, hitherto only developed in the military qualities of such rare men as Touissant L'Ouverture. The development of the intellectual life of our dark-hued brethren might prove a distinct gain to American literature. Perhaps America's ultimate claims in literature will have to rest on the diversity of distinctive traits of the peculiar and varied peoples of the country, modified by a new social life, political life, and climate.

SOME of Mr. Dunbar's poems are written in dialect form. These are generally considered to be in his happiest vein. But I am somewhat more impressed by his more serious poems. These show that the poet possesses not only a pretty fancy and delicacy of sentiment, but also that he is capable of a certain depth and intensity of thought. Some of the lines are suggestive, and show much simple strength. A light spirit of optimism pervades his work. It is not offensively optimistic, however, as the lines mostly include a minor note of melancholy. At present Mr. Dunbar is barred out of all the higher occupations by reason of race prejudice; and he dreams his poems as he runs an elevator (lift, as you English call it) in an office-building in Atlanta, Ga. In some more congenial atmosphere he might sing the inner spiritual life of his race, which only wants utterance to arouse other dormant intellects among his own brethren.

MESSRS. COPELAND & DAY have done a commendable as well as unusual thing in this country, where anything not fiction is looked askance at by publishers, in the publishing of two dainty little volumes of essays. This is a form of literature completely out of vogue in America, unless the contemporary revival in England is to carry any influence here. The venture is made under the twin-title of *The Listener in Town* and *The Listener in the Country*. The writer of these essays is Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, and the papers first appeared under the title of "The Listener" in the *Boston Transcript* daily through a term of years. This column of light and distinctly literary essays and comments is one which is more literary and old-fashioned in its taste than anything appearing in the columns of papers in New York or the West. It is one of the literary institutions of Boston. Eugene Field in the *Chicago Record* was the only parallel. The fact that these airy essays first appeared in a newspaper in this country makes it all the more unusual, as only the most ephemeral and sensational

writing is generally admitted into the newspapers here. But the *Transcript* is one of the very few papers in America which have remained at all steadfast to the earlier traditions of English models, before sensational journalism broke into the excess of license. It is greatly respected in Boston, because it admits some measure of purely literary work to its columns, and is always dignified and judicious.

THE *Chap Book* has changed its form and character, to the astonishment of everybody interested in the tide of contemporary doings. It has given up the pamphlet size and form and takes on the proportions and the character of the English weekly reviews—it will be a compromise between the form of the *ACADEMY* and other contemporary reviews. The editor's aim is to establish, what has been long talked about and discussed, and has never yet seemed a feasible venture here, a review of the first class. It will give ample space to notices of all important publications in travel, history, and *belles-lettres*. In addition, it will print stories, poems, and essays as before, and the illustrations will be limited to portraits and pictures of literary interest and purely decorative designs. The intention is to subject contemporary writing to the highest literary standards. This is distinctly a new and important attitude in American criticism.

W. B. H.

SCIENCE.

I AM not one of those who consider that the British nation should solemnly sit down and take lessons from every country that is doing scientific work, but I admire—and I suppose most people who know anything about it admire—the organised Government institutions for the promotion of science in America. They are eminently practical in their scope. They deal with such things as agriculture, hydrography, navigation, fisheries, land surveys, fruit-culture, and so on, while even such departments as the geological, the zoological, and the entomological are directed not so much towards the formation of museums or the increase of knowledge, as towards the compiling of reports on the most suitable lands for certain crops, the areas within which useful beasts are found, and the means whereby every manner of noxious "bug" may be circumvented in its attacks upon vegetation. The origin, constitution, work, and more especially the shortcomings of this great organised system of "Bureaus," have recently been dealt with in an American journal, from which the following particulars are extracted.

It seems that the organisation under which this great series of investigations has been conducted is more apparent than real. The scientific work of the Government is carried on by a number of agencies scattered through the various departments, often

without much logical relation to the other work they perform. Thus the Coast Survey, the Navigation Commission, the Marine Hospital Service, and the Life Saving Service are under the direction of the Treasury, while the Navy Department controls the National Observatory (as is the case here) and the Hydrographic Office. Distributed in this haphazard fashion, organised under broad and often indefinite laws, it not infrequently happens that two or more scientific bodies clash in respect of their functions. As a specimen of excessive duplication, it may be mentioned that there are four hydrographic offices situated under the control of as many different departments. There are also three separate and distinct agencies for measuring land—or, as the patriarchal phraseology of the Republic puts it, attending to the survey, sale, classification, and protection of the lands of the national domain. In this connexion, also, we begin to understand how it happens that so many excellent reports have appeared on the lake and river formation, watersheds, and soundings of America, when we read that "four or five agencies (including the Fish Commission and the Army Engineer Corps) have been engaged in making measurements and studies in the navigable rivers and great lakes during the last few years."

AN explanation of this curious state of things is found in the system under which most of these active and intelligent organisations arose. "Some Government official became deeply interested in a certain line of work bearing upon the development of the country, and after agitating the matter for several years he finally secured an appropriation from Congress authorising the investigation to be made in the department with which he was connected. Either the originator or some other friend of the scheme was put in charge of the work, and if it proved beneficial it received increased appropriations from year to year." The result is, that a network of agencies, employing over 5,000 persons exclusive of those occupied on the census, has grown up, and is annually dispensing some eight millions of dollars. The writer from whom I have been quoting (*Science*, January 15) unfolds an elaborate scheme for consolidating and unifying all these agencies under one scientific department. Could such a scheme be carried through, there is little reason to doubt that the Government scientific work would be even more efficiently performed, and that all countries, our own included, would be benefited by being able to obtain from one definite source a series of admirable reports on almost every subject dealing with the vast mineral resources, products, geographical formations, and climatic peculiarities of the North American continent.

THE faculty of constructing generalisations out of imperfect data is not confined to France, though it flourishes there in a peculiarly healthy manner. An instance which has recently come under my notice is a paper on vegetarianism by a certain M. Verrier, read before the Société

d'Ethnographie. M. Verrier had a doubly gratifying task, for he not only undertook to prove on very inadequate grounds that vegetarianism corrupted the physical and moral qualities of nations, but was able as well to rub in a few Anglophobic sentiments to illustrate his theory. Thus the easy conquest of India by British arms he attributed to an unwholesome abstinence from meat diet on the part of religious Hindoos, and the suppression (?) of the Irish was put down no less to an exclusive affection for potatoes. As for the Japanese, who notoriously batted upon rice down to a comparatively recent date, their sudden activity in the East was a crowning proof of M. Verrier's remarkable doctrine, for it coincided in point of date with the establishment of a meat trade in the Japanese archipelago.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY'S paper on "The First Crossing of Spitzbergen" met, as might be expected, with a warm reception at the Royal Geographical Society last Tuesday. Before leaving home, Sir Martin said, he had read everything he could find relating to the observation of previous explorers, and the only result was that he found the interior of the country to be utterly different from all the ideas he had formed. Instead of a series of boggy coast valleys with an icy interior, they were confronted by an intricate and much intersected mountain region. The paper was taken up with a detailed account of the adventures and wanderings undergone by the party, and by graphic descriptions of the scenery in Sir Martin Conway's own masterly manner. Photographic slides by Mr. Garwood and other members of the expedition illustrated the lecture. The next big item on the Royal Geographical Society's programme is, of course, the Nansen address, for which, as I believe I have previously mentioned, the Albert Hall has been secured. The last time the Society indulged in this expansion was when it welcomed Mr. Stanley back from the futile Emin expedition, but even then there was nothing like the rush for seats that there has been to hear Nansen.

THE celebration of M. Hervé Faye's jubilee as member of the French Academy of Sciences was a pleasant tribute to a wonderful old man. M. Faye bears his eighty-three years very lightly, and does not give the impression of one whose astronomical training was gained under Arago. In 1843 he discovered the septennial comet which bears his name, and to which mainly he owed his early election into the great scientific body of France. An interesting story is told of his efforts to escape public life, until Marshal McMahon finally compelled him to become an official candidate for Passy, and shortly after his election forced upon him the portfolio of Public Instruction. This backsliding was the object of a hostile demonstration on the part of M. Faye's students at the Ecole Polytechnique, who, however, altered their tone to uproarious applause when the new Minister naïvely assured them that it was his intention to

resign at the earliest opportunity. M. Faye was made a grand officer of the Legion of Honour in 1889, and now he has had the Grand Cross presented to him. He is the author of numerous astronomical works, including a treatise on the "Origin of the World."

PROBABLY few people expected to hear much that was new on the subject of liquid oxygen at the first Friday evening discourse of this session at the Royal Institution. For the rest, Prof. Dewar contrived an agreeable disappointment. Among the more interesting additions made to our knowledge of this fascinating fluid are the facts that its temperature is so invariable as to afford a standard, and that its optical and magnetic properties remain unchanged in the gaseous, liquid, and, probably, also the solid condition. An ingenious proof of the exact temperature of its boiling point was afforded by inserting a thermo-electric couple into a liquid boiling at +182° C., and another into the oxygen boiling at a supposed temperature of -182° C. The balancing of the resulting currents shows that the latter figure is correct.

PROF. DEWAR performed a pretty experiment, which is worth recording here, to show what depth of liquid was represented by our gaseous atmosphere. The air, as we know, extends upwards all round the globe to a distance of about five miles. Prof. Dewar had a tube fifty-two feet long hanging from the top of the building, in which was ordinary air. This represented about one five-hundredth of the height of the atmosphere. When the air in the tube was liquefied it collected at the bottom to a depth of about four-fifths of an inch. This multiplied by 500 will give the depth of the sea of liquid air in which we should be immersed if the earth became suddenly reduced to the temperature of interstellar space.

PROF. DEWAR gave an interesting account of the optical properties of oxygen, and of its effect at sunset and sunrise upon the lines of the solar spectrum. In this connexion it is amusing to recall a famous speech of Lord Salisbury's at the British Association meeting of 1894, wherein his lordship argued that the stellar bodies could not all have a common origin, as was asserted, because neither oxygen nor nitrogen was revealed by the spectroscope in the constituents of the sun. The point of the contention on the part of a Churchman of the old school is obvious; but unluckily there is a very simple reason for the absence of lines showing these bodies. When the mixed vapour of metals and non-metallic elements are examined together in the spectroscope, it is a known fact that the latter are always overcome by the former. Silicon and carbon are the only bodies of the metalloid class which are strong enough to assert themselves in the solar spectrum. I am partially indebted for this instance to somebody whose book I have recently read. Who it is, I have forgotten.

H. C. M.

MUSIC.

THE performance of "Die Meistersinger" at the Garrick Theatre last Friday week was an event of considerable importance. The Carl Rosa Company has given Wagner's opera in the provinces for some time, but a London performance is a kind of hall-mark. It is easy, and moreover true, to say that operas are heard to best advantage in the language in which they were set by composers—French in French, German in German, and so on—that is, if the audience understand whatever language is being sung; otherwise a fair translation will give far more satisfaction. Education and travel have certainly increased the number of English who read and understand German; but there are still thousands who have not enjoyed similar opportunities; and to these, such performances of Wagner in English are certainly welcome.

THE stage of the Garrick Theatre is not large enough for the trial-scene of the first act, the street fight of the second, or the processions of the third, or, as it is called, fourth act. David's order to the 'prentices to "make smaller the stage" for the "Trial" had indeed in it a touch of irony. The stage manager, however, deserves all possible praise for the display he was able to effect within such limited space. Then, again, the orchestra was not large enough to render proper justice to Wagner's music; but here, again, the conductor, Herr Eckhold, achieved excellent results with the means at his command. Every excuse had to be made for a man who entered thoroughly into the meaning of the music; and the spirit in which he worked made amends for whatever was lacking in the letter.

THERE were cuts which in a work of this kind are always of bad effect, for they interfere with the composer's intentions, which ought always to be respected. Even great composers, however, often merely followed custom, or yielded to wishes prompted by the vanity of vocalists; in such cases there were no proper intentions, and a cut here and there did no harm, sometimes, indeed, good. Wagner, by the length of his works, has sorely tried the patience of managers, especially here in England, where the hour of commencement is so late. In Germany they open much earlier, and the same will have to be done here if Wagner is ever to be properly understood and appreciated. His works do not appear long when given in full, and under proper conditions. Cuts in most cases make them actually appear longer; for they break the continuity of the story, and thereby the continuity of interest of attentive listeners.

THE motive for cutting, however mistaken, is now, as a rule, a good one. Years ago—in the so-called good olden times—it was otherwise. When Mozart's "Don Juan" was produced in London in 1817 it was announced that the opera would be "much abridged," to make room for the ballet, a necessary part of the evening's "entertainment." But it should be noted that in the book of

words printed for that production of Mozart's masterpiece the lines omitted were carefully marked with inverted commas. Modern managers, so long as they feel cutting to be necessary, might well imitate so excellent an example.

OF the performers in the "Mastersingers," to give it its English title, I would mention Mr. Hedmond (Walther), Mr. Ludwig (Sachs), Mr. H. Lind (Beckmesser), and Mr. F. Wood (David), who entered thoroughly into the spirit of their respective rôles. Miss A. Esty as Eva was fairly satisfactory; she was not able to realise all her good intentions. The rendering of the difficult Beckmesser part by Mr. H. Lind really deserves note. The pedant in the play is serious enough, serious in his love, in his vanity, and in his ambition, but he causes laughter in others. I will not say that the actor never exaggerated, never tried to raise a laugh, but there was very little indeed to complain of. The whole company—actors and chorus—deserve praise for the heartiness and ensemble of their acting; no one seemed to be working for his own glory, but for the total effect of the piece. That the Carl Rosa company attempted such a difficult and complex work at all redounds to their credit. They did not come to London to show us how Wagner's opera should be given, but how a travelling company could manage to give it in the provinces; and they deserved and have obtained a favourable verdict.

MME. TERESINA TUA (Comtesse de Franchi-Verney) gave a violin recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. As a girl she made her first appearance here in 1889, and showed good promise of becoming an accomplished artist; and that promise has been fulfilled. Her performance of the violin part of Brahms' Sonata in A (Op. 100) was most refined and artistic; the pianoforte part was sympathetically interpreted by Mrs. Fanny Davies. Mme. Tua also performed Mendelssohn's violin concerto in most able manner. Her playing showed the influence of Joachim, while in the speed at which she took the Finale, also in one or two little mannerisms, she reminded me of Sarasate. The programme included solos for violin and for pianoforte. It was altogether a most pleasant concert.

BEETHOVEN'S pianoforte Sonata in B flat (Op. 106) is not often performed, and for this there are two good reasons: it is very long and very difficult. M. Eugen d'Albert certainly played it two seasons ago, but, to the best of my remembrance, it had not, until then, been heard in London for many years; the last performance at the Popular Concerts—according to Mr. Chappell's catalogue—was as far back as 1869. Mr. Frederic Lamond gave it at his second pianoforte recital on Tuesday afternoon. His technique was excellent, and in each movement he displayed intellectual gifts of a high order. The emotional element was not lacking; and yet there were moments in which more warmth and tenderness would have been acceptable. The reading of the wonderful *Adagio* was Mr. Lamond's finest effort. While he was

playing this long though never tedious movement, my thoughts turned back to another of the master's slow movements, namely the *Largo* in D minor of the Sonata in D (Op. 10, No. 3). Between the two there is deep affinity; they are both pre-eminently sad, though in each there are rays, however mild, of hope and consolation. But in the later music there is greater intensity and sublimity; and as in the thoughts and feelings, so is there a corresponding change in the mode by which they are expressed. In the *Largo* Beethoven confides his sorrows to the household instrument; in the *Adagio* the pianoforte seems to have almost the colour and life of an orchestra; and yet the writing is perfectly legitimate.

THE concluding Fugue, interpreted, by the way, with rare skill and vigour, is an extraordinary composition; it is bold, learned, and, to pianists, most interesting, though not on the same inspired level as the three preceding movements. When the Sonata first appeared in London it was published in two separate parts: the first ended with the Scherzo played after the *Adagio*; the second consisted of the short *Largo* followed by the Fugue. And this was done with Beethoven's consent. Why, then, should these parts not sometimes be played thus separately? The Sonata, as I have said, is very long. An attempt is occasionally made to shorten it—as on the present occasion—by omitting the repeat in the opening Allegro. This, however, in my opinion, is detrimental to the movement, and, after all, only about five minutes are saved.

MR. LAMOND played a group of short solos. Field's naïve and graceful Nocturne in A was delightfully rendered. Chopin's "Barcarolle" in F sharp and "Polonaise" in A flat were in many ways excellent, and yet the full poetry of the music was not revealed. As compared, however, with the C minor Nocturne at the first recital there was a great improvement.

THE present moment is one specially fitted to render honour to Schubert, and Mr. Lamond might well have included one of the Sonatas or the "Wanderer" Fantasia in his programmes. Instead of this he presents the master's music touched up—I ought to say spoilt—by Liszt and Tausig. On Tuesday he played the Schubert-Liszt *Mélodie Hongroise*, a lovely theme followed by vulgar virtuosic variations. Liszt seems to have been a genuine admirer of Schubert's music, but his way of showing his admiration for the master was, to put it mildly, peculiar. And not only Schubert, but Weber, Chopin, and, if Berlioz may be trusted, also Beethoven suffered at his hands. Liszt's good and great deeds atone, to some extent, for these transgressions, but why need pianists perpetuate them?

A FORTNIGHT ago I named Ferdinand Schubert as responsible for the orchestration of the Schubert's pianoforte part of the "Song of Miriam." I ought to have said Franz Lachner. J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DISCOUNT v. NET SYSTEM.

London: Jan. 25.

I am glad to learn that Mr. Edward Arnold has decided to abandon the net-price system in the case of school-books. We should feel especially gratified at this step, for some of the best educational publications in the market are to be found among those issued by his house, notably the British Classics and Shakespeare Series, edited by Mr. Churton Collins. Several of the Shakespeare plays, indeed—the “Lear,” “Hamlet,” “Richard III.,” and “King John”—contain much fresh and original work. It is within my certain knowledge that a very large proportion of head masters practically boycott the publications of those firms which adhere to the recently instituted net-system, and as Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Longmans, Bell, and the two University Presses continue to recognise the claims of immemorial usage and to publish school-books on the time-honoured discount principle, it is easy enough to do so. The fact is, that in the great majority of schools the book supply is regarded as a regular, and by no means contemptible, source of income. Whether the custom is immoral or not is a delicate question in ethics which I do not feel disposed to discuss, because that is no concern of the publisher. For a few publishers to enter upon a crusade against the practice may be magnificent, but it is not business; and even though all existing publishers of educational works were to unite in such a movement, the only result would be that an excellent opening would be offered for new houses to start on the discount terms that have been so long recognised. The shame of the practice, if any shame there be, lies at the door, not of the school-master, but of the country which permits the financial position of a very large number of its schools to be so precarious that those who conduct them have to utilise every possible avenue of profit in order to make ends meet.

SCHOOLMASTER.

LEIGH HUNT.

Bebington: Jan. 19.

Probably I am not the only reader of the ACADEMY who regretted that your article on the “Academy Picture” last week was so serious a Depreciation of Leigh Hunt. The writer has surely done him less than justice. He calls him superficial. On a superficial acquaintance he may appear so, and there are one or two significant omissions from the article which lead me to think your contributor has not given him any close attention—probably not thinking he was worth it. For instance, the Leigh Hunt of the *Examiner*—who was imprisoned because he had the courage of his convictions—is not so much as named. Again, Hunt’s high-water mark as a poet is said to be indicated by a pretty bit of verse, which your contributor, justly enough, terms a “trifle,” while the one real poem Hunt wrote—“Abou ben Adhem”—is not named. One of whom it can be said “his critical faculty was sound, and, although he could not make great and beautiful things himself, he was the first to point to the beautiful things of others,” could not have been utterly superficial. “The Religion of the Heart” is not only not superficial, but serves to refute the statement that he could not make beautiful things himself. Those who study Leigh Hunt and his writings find that, just as his light and airy manner covered a pure and sterling character, so his equally light and airy literary touch clothed solid wisdom. Leigh Hunt’s “capital,” says your contributor, consisted of “a sunny, optimistic temperament, a charming fancy, and

a quick discernment of excellence.” This is much, but if it were all, seeing his work was chiefly journalistic, however popular it might have been in its own day, it must have been forgotten before now. Yet Leigh Hunt’s fame as a man of letters grows rather than vanishes. His “capital” included not only an exquisite literary style, but what is more important—clear insight, scholarship, and truthfulness. I venture to say that, however trivial his subject, Leigh Hunt himself, in the way he treats it, is never utterly trivial. He refreshes the mind. He stimulates thought. He refines and ennobles. If his books were such as your contributor thinks, one reading of them would suffice; but they gain on re-reading. Carlyle, who was hard to please, saw in Leigh Hunt “a man of most indisputably superior worth; a man of genius in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears and implies; of brilliant, varied gifts, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of child-like, open character.”

I am sorry the ACADEMY, at this late day, has renewed the cruel slander which links Leigh Hunt with Harold Skimpole. Dickens himself protested emphatically against the suggestion of their identity, and the exact truth of the case has been stated by John Forster. The whimsical manner of Skimpole was drawn from Leigh Hunt—nothing more. There the resemblance ends, absolutely and finally. It insults Dickens’s literary ability, as well as Hunt’s memory, to suggest anything else. The keeping of the diary was drawn from Haydon. Leigh Hunt was strenuous, hardworking, sincere, honourable. He was Dickens’s own intimate friend; and Dickens, of all men, could never have held friendship with such an ungrateful and treacherous hypocrite as Harold Skimpole. In these days persons of the Skimpole type are pleasantly forgiven because of the peculiarities of their “artistic temperament”; but Dickens was a man who always gave hypocrisy its true name.

The misfortune is, that no sufficient biography of Leigh Hunt has ever been produced. I always thought my friend, the late James Ashcroft Noble, should have written it. His temperament and gifts were akin in many ways to those of Hunt, and peculiarly fitted him for the task. More than once I urged it upon him, and believe he was disposed to attempt it. Alas! it had to be postponed to the urgent calls of the hour, and now it is too late. He has, however, left us, in *The Sonnet in England and Other Essays*, one of the best brief studies of Leigh Hunt which has yet appeared.

WALTER LEWIN.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Laureate’s
“Conversion of
Winckelmann,
and other
Poems.” (Mac-
millan.)

“A CLEVER piece of Brown- ingesque execution,” the *Spectator* pronounces, “but not a poem in which it is possible to take great pleasure . . . ; a clever *tour de force*, though it has but little of Mr. Browning’s curt and very rough-shod genius. . . . Mr. Austin is more himself in his rural studies. Some parts of the translation of the second Georgic are delicate and happy. . . . Perhaps the most taking poem in the volume is . . . ‘The Silent Muse.’” “Was ever versifier so vain as this one?” the *Pall Mall* passionately demands, apropos of this very poem. “. . . Really this attitude of regarding himself as ‘a serious poet’ . . . is too ridiculous to pass.” But “his Muse, if entirely pedestrian, is not always inept.” “Winckelmann”

seems to the critic “unreal as a picture of a mental struggle, . . . but there is some appreciation of artistic or archæological feeling in it. . . . With every wish to be polite, we cannot affect to regard the book as a serious contribution—even to contemporary poetry.” “The strength of the verse” in “Winckelmann,” says the *Daily News*, “is the more remarkable that it is unwonted. . . . It is impossible to affect ignorance as to the source of his new power.” But “in official verse Mr. Austin succeeds no better than those who have gone before him.” In the handling of the Winckelmann theme the *Standard* declares that the writer has displayed “the instinct of a perfect craftsman. . . . In the finer qualities of thought and feeling the volume will commend itself to the favour of lovers of English verse.”

“Monologues of
the Dead.” By
G. W. Stevens.
(Methuen.)

THE idea of taking a character from antiquity, such as Cicero or Caligula or Themistocles, and imagining him to soliloquise, usually at the moment of his death or in some violent crisis, the *St. James’s Gazette* can imagine to have been possible “for Landor or Renan. But Mr. Stevens has approached a task wholly beyond his powers. . . . That he knows his classics is apparent, but learning is not sufficient to give vitality to a conception;” and, lest he should seem dull, “he seasons his pages with astounding vulgarisms. We are ready sometimes to fancy that we are reading Mr. Jerome K. Jerome turned pedant; but that is an injustice to Mr. Jerome, who would always contrive to be more entertaining than this. . . . We cannot congratulate Mr. Stevens on his attempt to edit Suetonius for the ‘Pink ‘Un.’” To his “wide and vital scholarship,” according to the *Pall Mall*, “Mr. Stevens unites a vivid and intense dramatic feeling and a strong power of expression. . . . The effect is sometimes splendid, sometimes bizarre, but always amazingly clever.” “Irresponsible humour, buoyant vivacity, facile suggestiveness,” says the *National Observer*, “. . . are the qualities which make the charm of this fascinating book. . . . By far the greatest achievement is the account given by Ariaramnes of the march of Cyrus the Great against the Massagete. . . . But this is an exception to the light play of fancy . . . that, with all its apposite allusiveness, is never weighted by . . . antiquarian pedantry.”

“Palladia.”
By Mrs. Hugh
Frazer.
(Macmillan.)

THE “case-hardened reviewer” of the *Daily Telegraph* declares that “this complicated but fascinating story of love and intrigue, cunning and malice . . . is even better than *The Brown Ambassador*”; the promise of which is in *Palladia* fulfilled, says the *National Observer*: “We have here a romance of thrilling interest, and if the plot be unconvincing, and the incidents improbable, they do but follow the good old traditions of romance.” These incidents are by the *Speaker* said to be “always striking and often novel.”

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